

P O E M S,

B Y

HUGH DOWNMAN, M.D. K

The SECOND EDITION,

ALTERED and CORRECTED,

With SEVERAL ADDITIONS.

E X E T E R:

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M,DCC,XC.



E R R A T A.

- Page 85, Line 5, *for* Open, *read* Expanded
108, 9, *for* by, *read* my
111, 1, *for* observant, *read* unobservant
4, *for* gave, *read* give
7, *for* entwine, *read* untwine
159, 17, *for* check, *read* cheek
170, 10, *for* verdant, *read* vernal
192, 6, *for* train, *read* chain
-

T H E L A N D

O F T H E

M U S E S.

A P O E M.

TO DR. BLACKLOCK.

FOR thy amusement first I tuned the lay,
And dress'd my thoughts in *Spenser's* antique stile,
'Twas but a frolic task, a youthful play,
Whose best reward was thy approving smile.

It scarcely claim'd th' offended Critic's rod,
We love to imitate what we admire;
The Persian thus adores the Solar God,
And lights, faint Emblem, his terrestrial fire.

No longer inexperienced I presume
On fancied worth, beneath the quaint disguise,
But strip the veil, remove th' incumbent gloom,
And modern numbers give to modern eyes.

Yet still to thee I dedicate the song,
Language may change, our friendship cannot fade,
To thee all Virtue's winning charms belong,
Nor is my soul of fickle substance made.

The

The LAND of the MUSES.

MAY we unblamed in these fastidious times
 Retreat to *Spenser's* allegoric rhimes?
 His venturous step thro' fairy bowers pursue,
 Till *Alma's* castled dome appears in view?
 There see, advancing on th' embattled plain,
Guyon and *Arthur* of heroic strain?
 Their martial grace, their valiant deeds admire,
 Unwearied arms, and unextinguish'd fire;
 When the base Squadrons who besieged her round,
 They forced to quit the field, and shun the sacred ground?
 Then view brave *Guyon* with intrepid heart
 Against th' enchanted bower of bliss depart;
 While by his presence check'd, the sensual croud
 Led by *Malæger*, confident and proud
 Again invest the walls? See *Arthur* ride
 Indignant forth, and (as *Antæus* died

By

By Hercules of yore) the Chief inclasp,
 Who breathed his last within his nervous grasp;
 Yet, tho' renown's all-envied prize He won,
 Espy from many a gash the crimson current run ?
 " There view the Grooms and Squires with tender speed,
 " Respectful take Him from his foaming steed ;
 " And fairest *Alma* costly spice prepare,
 " And wine and balm t' administer with care,
 " Eager her lively gratitude t' express,
 " And aid her Champion in his deep distress ;
 " Then of his armour gently disarray'd,
 " On richest Sopha cause him to be laid,
 " And while his wounds they gird with circling band,
 " Close by his side behold the Virgin stand."

Ah Fools, who think that *Temperance* will refuse
 Enjoyments sweet, the soul's refreshing dews,
 To Human-kind ! or frowningly survey
 Their feet proceed in Pleasure's roseate way,

See

See them recline beneath her myrtle bowers,
 Inhale the balmy air, and pluck th' innocuous flowers.
 Liberal, and candid, all delights She loves,
 Which Taste desires, and Elegance approves;
 Fosters each genuine bliss to reason dear,
 But hates impetuous passion's mad career.

Now while *the Prince* nigh heal'd by *Alma's* skill,
 Felt health begin each languid vein to fill,
 Exhausted erst, when in her cause he fought,
 And with his blood the well-earn'd triumph bought,
 As well She knew the body and the mind
 In weal and woe essentially combin'd,
 United each to each with strictest ties,
 She bent her thought his mind to harmonize.
 So to his ear, close-seated by his side,
 In accents duly couch'd her speech applied;
 At times of chivalry, war's purest flame,
 And hardy Knights, who scorning abject shame,
 Trampled on death to gain immortal fame.

}
 Then,

Then, as the Powers of Virtue listening stood,
 Of conscious worth She spake, and mental good,
 And peace, and civic merit laurel-crown'd,
 While He was ravish'd by the soothing sound.

With Her two *Nymphs* ministrant, came prepared,
 And when She paused, the grateful labour shared.
 For ever and anon would *Praise-Desire*
 Open her ruby lips, attune her lyre,
 And sing her pensive notes ; the powerful strain
 Charm'd the sensation of internal pain,
 Infused sereneft steadfastness, and brought
 To juftest temper each rebellious thought.
 It seem'd as if an Angel from above,
 Melodious glided on the wings of love,
 Such filver tones th' enamour'd gales prolong,
 Her flowing measures fuch, and blandishment of fong.
 And often Virgin *Bashfulness* affay'd
 The melting lute, and sweetest descants play'd :

For

For She her instrument could aptly guide,
Nor wanted in well-doing comely pride.

The *Prince's* bosom secret pleasure fills,
And every nerve the love of glory thrills;
His spirit seizes her celestial meed,
He meditates th' unutterable deed:
Rapt, and beyond expression moved, He sighs,
The living fire darts ardent from his eyes,
And drench'd in bliss unknown to vulgar soul He lies. }

One evening as these *Four* excursive tread
Where that majestic stream is seen to spread
Whence *Guyon* launch'd, the country far and wide
Profusely watering with exhaustless tide,
Arthur beholds the farther coast, it's hills
Ascending steep, it's vales, meandering rills,
Woods whose thick boughs a solemn shade diffuse,
And lawns which now declining Phœbus views,

B

Beaming

Beaming the last remains of golden day,
Then curious ask'd what region yonder lay.

That is the *Land*, replied th' ingenuous Fair,
Apollo's and the *Muses'* favourite care ;
On which their blessings they benignly shower
E'en to excess : there in immortal bower,
Close by the fount of Hippocrene divine,
Th' unfading wreath of harmony entwine ;
There, all their choral extasies repeat,
Far from the world there fix their happy seat,
And scorn its vulgar herd, and tasteless Great. }
There too is heart-felt Joy with aspect bright,
And Pain is banish'd thence, and Grief is put to flight.
There too a thousand beauteous Forms reside,
To which in habit or in shape allied
In other place the eye can never find,
Beings invisible to common mind :
Of purest nature, and ethereal race,
Girded with zones by every Sister Grace ;

For

[11]

For there the *Graces* shed their choicest rays,
While *Liberty* with smiles before them plays,
And clad in robes of white each spotless *Virtue* strays. }

May not, rejoin'd the *Prince*, a Stranger sue
Those scenes thy lively words describe to view ?
What bliss to travel thro that region fair !
What bliss to mingle with the Natives rare !
Nor speak I urged by boastful folly vain,
Yet in my heart is no illiberal stain ;
Honour hath poured her influence on my mind,
And cherish'd passions generous and refin'd ;
Say, whom must I invoke that purer mould
To tread ? those Forms Ethereal to behold ?
No base Intruder, no malicious Spy,
Seeking their hidden mysteries to descry.

Then *Alma* smiled, and smiled th' attendant *Twain* ;
O *Briton Prince*, She said, that blest domain

To me by young Apollo's self is given
 Freely t'enjoy ; to me that earthly Heaven
 He grants to range : from Him the power is mine ;
 All lawless wanderers from the sacred Nine
 To keep by force, *Riot's* wild crew to quell,
 And all the Sons of insolence repell ;
 But ever modest merit to befriend,
 Direct his steps, and my assistance lend.
 But darkness now protrudes her shadowy cone,
 The fields are trod by wakeful man alone.
 Take we our frugal meal, and then to rest ;
 The Beasts their couch, the Birds have sought their nest ;
 All but the Beast of prey, with ruthless mind
 Threatening fell slaughter to the helpless kind :
 And Philomel, whose conscious measures flow,
 Feeding th' unfated luxury of woe,
 Now passionately full, now soft, and dying low.
 Tomorrow when the Eastern clouds display
 Their lucid pomp, and crimson banners gay,

At

At my request a bark shall waft us o'er
 Th' expanded stream, to yon sequester'd shore,
 The prospects which await us there, to paint
 Art cannot reach, all language would be faint.
 In courtly phrase the *Prince* his thanks express,
 For every polish'd grace adorn'd his breast;
 His eyelids, light and transient slumbers close,
 And in the morn with Heaven's first beam He rose.

His gentle *Guide* not unprepared He found,
 For when the Lark soar'd upward from the ground,
 With joy She heard his sweetly-warbled strain,
 And brake the filken bands of sleep in twain.
 Then o'er the humid lawns they took their way,
 (The dew-drops glittering with the orient ray)
 And to the River's verdant margin sped,
 Where lay th' expecting bark with sail unspread,
 The Pilot at the helm, of aspect mild,
 And bland, yet piercing eye, *Good-Culture* stiled.

The

The *Knight* and *Lady* He with transport warm
 Received ; then push'd far off with nervous arm,
 Unfurl'd his sail, which gales propitious swell'd,
 And o'er the waves his easy course impell'd.
 The sparkling waves like lucid chrystal gleam,
 Or like unclouded Titan's radiant beam ;
 For not the smallest stain or spot they know,
 Tho deep the tide, the sands were seen below.

When they approach'd that shore's extremeſt bound,
 With Spring's eternal ceſtus girt around,
 Ambroſial airs mild-breath'd their ſenſes greet,
 Diffuſing odours exquisitely ſweet :
 For *Zephyr* there his ſoſteſt plumes indued,
 And chid each devious blaſt of pinions rude,
 While *Flora* hung with living gems the bowers,
 And deck'd the turf with never-fading flowers,
 Bloſſoms and flowers of every various hue
 Which once in Eden's happy garden grew.

Now

Now at the Coast arrived, they land with speed,
 And now along the lilled banks proceed,
 Viewing in silence with attentive eye
 The scenes romantic which before them lye.
 The *Prince* at every turn to wonder yields,
 At every turn new beauties crown the fields ;
 Upon his cheeks a warmer glow is spread,
 His bosom throbs with awe and pleasing dread,
 Such prospect, frailer mortals scarce could bear,
 He gazed, and wish'd to gaze forever there.

His mild *Conduſtrefs* bade him now behold
 Where crossing o'er the velvet-shaded mould
 Two of the gentle Habitants advance ;
 He sees, and quits his visionary trance.
 Their eyes the glittering beams of pleasure dart,
 Their smooth brows speak their gayety of heart,
 Their virid garlands wanton'd in the wind,
 Their nimble feet moved on as chance inclined,
 And treading the soft turf, no pressure left behind.

}

The

The one was *Youthful Prime*, of comely grace,
 The rising down began to shade his face,
 Unchanged by years. The other was his Bride,
Hygeia She, of firm affection tried,
 From whom a Son paced smiling by his side.
 Her presence every thought of time exiled,
 So well each hour her converse sweet beguiled.
 That tender Imp whose smiles proclaim'd his joy,
 He named *Content* ; to whom tho yet a Boy
 Is given exclusive power and wondrous might ;
 For ease of mind and spirits dancing light
 All those inspire, on whom He casts his sight.
 The blooming Dame sustain'd an Infant Child,
Simplicity by both his Parents filed,
 Well-favour'd, and of lovely hue to see,
 Stretching his little arms, and telling his tale free.

To whom with bland demeanor *Alma* said ;
 Where widely your enchanted feet have stray'd

Among

Among the mazes of this flowery green,
 Tell me, ye gentle Pair, if ye have seen
 Where *Fancy* now resides? for like the wind
 I know the sudden shiftings of her mind,
 No certain spot She loves, but varies soon,
 Now the deep shade allures, and now the blaze of noon.

To Her with swift-wing'd accents *Youth* replied,
 The Nymph ye seek, fair Dame, I lately spied
 In yonder glen, which craggy rocks surround,
 Whence bursts a torrent forth with roaring sound.
 Then bending decent, with respectful eye,
 He and his loved Copartner haſted by.

But *Alma* with the *Prince* right onward fared,
 Who ask'd her why to *Fancy* She repair'd?
 Without her aid (ſaid She) I want the power
 To guide thee, as behoves, a ſingle hour.
 Beſides her ſkill hath raiſed a Building high,
 Which yonder view, aſpiring to the ſky;

From whence is seen distinctly, rock, and plain,
 And dell, and grot, and stream, and woodland reign,
 Each goodly object, all the living race,
 Which breathe and move, and these dominions grace.
 To which if thee, O *Prince*, She will convey,
 What else would take up many a tedious day,
 And many a night in vigils to behold,
 In portion small of time She can unfold.
 Nor should we haply else succeed at last,
 But after much sojourn, and labour vast,
 Some thorny glade our tangled feet might chain,
 Some wilderneys mislead, or sandy plain :
 Or we might sink beneath some foaming bourn,
 Or to the place we left unsped return.

Now, where they fought, the *Maid Divine* they scann'd,
 Upon a craggy cliff She took her stand ;
 Forming a gloomy shade, above her head
 A lofty pine it's ample branches spread.

Downward

Downward on either side, with rapid force,
 From rock to rock a strong stream bent it's course ;
 Precipitate the dashing currents flow,
 And mingle in one boiling gulph below.
 She stood enraptured o'er the whirling bay,
 And bathed her forehead in the floating spray.

Conscious of stranger feet her eyes She rear'd,
 Which as th' effulgent sun-beam bright appear'd,
 And quicker than the quivering lightning glanced ;
 Then t'ward them strait with airy feet advanced.
 In prodigal abundance, uncontroll'd,
 Wide waved her burnisht locks of tendrill'd gold ;
 Brede, or incircling band they never knew,
 When most dishevell'd, comeliest to the view.
 In thin habiliment her limbs were drest ;
 A curious robe depended from her vest,
 Of fleecy clouds and gossamer entwined,
 Which on the bosom of the dalliant wind
 It's folds sustaining, sported far behind ;

}

Adorn'd with tints of every various die
 Which in Heaven's glorious bow attract the eye :
 And every blended hue which e'er was traced,
 In complicated beauty there was placed.

Oft in that vale retired She fate alone,
 Where *Nature* wildly stray'd, to *Art* unknown.
 But circumscribed by no determined bound,
 Free and at large She ranged Creation round.
 Or thro the brazen gyre would urge her way,
 With cheek unblanch'd, and heart without dismay,
 The din of *Chaos* and *Confusion* hear,
 Nor all the bickering elements would fear.
 There, if She wills, the cold abyfs She warms ;
 New worlds, and peopled with unnumber'd swarms
 She bids arise ; her palace strait they mould,
 She mounts her throne, extends her scepter'd gold,
 While thronging round, her ready subjects stand,
 Or stoop submits, and wait her high command :

Then

Then in a moment, such her varying soul,
 On ruin bent, annihilates the whole ;
 Affixes confusion, multiplies the jar, .
 Heightens the tumult, and augments the war.
 For She alone, most wondrous to relate,
 Except *Heaven's Sire*, is unrestrain'd by *Fate*.

Oft to th' empyreal Dome, with boldest gaze
 Striving to pierce th' impenetrable blaze,
 She speeds her course, where mid the depth profound
 Of strong refulgent glory floating round,
 Sits the mysterious *Godhead*, in his reign
 Of trinal unity. But all in vain
 She strives to pass that inexpressive light ;
Heaven's Sire alone escapes her thrillant fight.
 Yet She could bring (so potent was her sway)
Cherubs and *Seraphs* from the realms of day ;
 While, gently hovering round, *Angelic Quires*
 Tuned at her will their golden-stringed lyres.

Or

Or spite of *Pluto's* horrid flames, would dare
 To cleave the earth, and rouse to upper air
 The *Furies* with their whips of iron dread,
 The snakes loud hissing on each ghastly head ;
 With Them, would *Hecate* reluctant stand,
 Her cypress wreath display, and wield her sparkling brand.

Then would arise, on pitchy pinions borne,
 Stern-look'd *Revenge* ; *Hate* by wild frenzy torn,
 And each tremendous *Pest* which shuns the light,
 And every *Child* abhorr'd of ugly *Night*.
Lust fierce and restless, *Jealousy* worn blind,
Murder, whose features shock the generous mind,
 And pining *Care*, which in thick gloomy clouds
 The half-slain wretch, while yet alive, inhrouds.
 And *Woe*, by inches destined to consume,
 Hanging, with face all pale, o'er her dead Lover's tomb.
 And She would call th' unbodied *Ghosts* around,
 Uttering their dolorous wail with shrieking sound ;

And

And *Witchcraft*, mumbling forth her rites, might make
The stoutest tremble, and the firmest quake.

And *Conscious Fear*, who steals with secret stride,
Keeping close watch th' *Affassin's* bed beside ;
And when *Sleep*, long invoked, begins to seal
His wearied lids, unfold the popped veil,
And his tormenting thoughts awhile controul,
Rings her alarum wild, and rends his guilty soul.

Yet were no frowns, or sternness in her face ;
But amiable, and clad with native grace,
Her blushing cheeks confess'd a modest die,
Blending with softness, virgin majesty.
Love ever view'd her in respect array'd ;
Enchanting smiles o'er all her features play'd ;
Her azure veins in winding mazes flow'd,
The snow above with living lustre glow'd.
So, deckt with radiance, deckt with beauty's beams,
The Eldest Daughter of the *Morn* She seems.

While

While cordial joy her winning looks exprefs'd,
 To *Alma* thus her speech She firſt addreſs'd :
 Welcome, fair Maid, to this ſecluded place !
 (Then ſeal'd the welcome with a warm embrace)
 And hail to thee, *her Knight* ! Command the Powers
 Who here inherit ; thee the light-plumed *Hours*
 Transported view : for thee each *Grace* will twine
 The dance : the *Virtues* chaunt their airs divine :
 For thee *Apollo's* ſelf would tune the lay,
 And I, with ready ſtep, thy will obey.

O Paſſing Fair ! to her the *Virgin* ſaid,
 This Gentle *Knight* (He bent his comely head)
 No Son of riot, or obſtrufive pride,
 To theſe blithe regions follows me his guide.
 Let me his earneſt ſuit to thee commend,
 My ſtrong Deliverer He, and ſtedfaſt Friend.*
 Oh, bear him to thy lofty tower with ſpeed,
 Or with him thro theſe mazy haunts proceed ;

That

That He each wondrous Inmate may descry,
And satiate with delight his knowledge-gathering eye.

She answer'd not, but lock'd with aspect sweet
Her hand in their's, prepared for voyage fleet ;
Then swift as light, or if with swifter force
Aught moves, upbore them in her airy course ;
Till on th' aspiring edifice they stood,
Whence they survey'd that Isle, it's circling flood,
The girding Heavens out-stretch'd in vast array,
And Earth, and Ocean wide, which far beneath them lay.
Rare was the Building, glorious to behold,
It's parts, nor steel, nor brass, nor lead, nor gold,
Nor marble form'd ; nor were they knit with lime,
With *Roman* cement, or *Asphaltic* slime.
One piece of lucent glass compos'd the mound,
In shortest space She rais'd it from the ground ;
Tho seeming thin and frail, it braved the rage
Of wasting time, and gain'd new strength from age.

D

With

With portraits numberless the walls were lined,
 Landscapes, and Histories, by her design'd ;
 For when that tower She left, and ranging wide,
 New shapes, and forms before unseen descry'd,
 Those from her memory's faithful chart, the Maid
 Before an Artift's skilful sight display'd ;
 Who every stroke with eager rapture scann'd,
 And all defined with swiftly-moving hand ;
 And ornamented all with colours rare,
Description was her name, a Virgin debonair,
 Soft was her pencil, delicately light,
 Yet were it's sketches strong, and glowing bright ;
 For from the clouds their checquer'd spots She drew,
 And it's pure essence from the morning dew ;
 Her blush when first *Aurora* rose from sleep
 She took, it's azure from th' unruffled deep ;
 The smiles of *Venus*, *Cynthia's* silver ray,
Flora's enamell'd robe, the *Lord of Day*
 Pouring his splendours in refulgent tide,
 And all Dame *Nature's* works her tints supplied.

Each

Each colour mingling juſt, a reverend *Eld*,
 Or ſeperating each, the palette held ;
 The wrinkles well became his antient face,
 Low ſtream'd his hoary beard with decent grace ;
 His piercing eye his perfect ſenſes told,
 Active his ſoul, tho in experience old ;
Judgement the Sage was ſtil'd ; his looks with awe
 She view'd ; his flighteſt hint ſhe deem'd a law.
 Full many a time her youthful hand He ſtay'd,
 When wanton, or with careleſs touch it ſtray'd.

The *Briton Prince* with pleaſure view'd the Pair,
 Her curious works, and his attentive care,
 Till *Fancy* beckon'd Him ; to whom reſign'd,
 He left th' enchanting imagery behind ;
 And now, by *Her* and *Alma* ſeated nigh,
 Where roſe the glittering battlements on high,
 She waved her hand, then bade them look around
 And mark the charms of that celeftial ground.

Wide spread the magic scene their eyes before ;
 The laughing meads with flowers were sprinkled o'er,
 There was the crocus, there the harebell seen,
 The lily fair, the rose unrivall'd Queen ;
 The pink, the tulip with embroider'd vest,
 The violet blue, the daisy meekly drest ;
 The cowslip drooping down his languid head ;
 All, which the sweetest liveliest odours bred ;
 And all, which *Nature's* vivid stains imbrue,
 There scorning *Art*, uncultivated grew.
 And mid the valleys lucid rivers stray,
 Which rolling on, in wild meanders play ;
 With dimpled surface now they calmly glide ;
 The listening Swain hears not the gentle tide ;
 Now broke by mossy stones sweet music make,
 And the thrall'd sense in willing bondage take ;
 Now sudden bounding o'er some rocky wall,
 From rift to rift the dashing currents fall.

On

On hills far off the forests shed their gloom,
 Here tufted groves with verdure ever bloom ;
 Around whose trunks the honeysuckle winds,
 And scented jessamine it's branches binds ;
 And purple grapes between, thick-clustering, hung,
 And thousand, thousand feather'd Inmates sung ;
 Conceal'd from every eye, the Minstrels raised
 Their choral notes, and Harmony was pleased.
 While every leaf more gladly seem'd to move,
 And every bough consenting waved above.

As o'er the lawns their eyes delighted pass,
 Fair flocks they see, which cropp'd the tender grass ;
 Or slept reclined beside each pastoral stream,
 Or wanton sported in the sunny beam.
 And where or rock appeared, or rising hill,
 The goats of antic gambols took their fill.
 And jocund *Keepers*, with their crooks in hand,
 Guarded them both, with dogs, a faithful band.

Or

Or in the plain, or hid beneath the shade,
On pipes of reed their amorous descants play'd.

Soon they beheld the horned *Pan* draw near,
A merry note he tuned the heart to cheer ;
Pleasant, but rude and rustic was the strain ;
Him follow'd, dancing trim in frolic vein,
A crowd of *Fauns* and *Satyrs*, who with fleet
And active motions sped their cloven feet.
With them the loose-robed *Dryads*, aptly join'd,
'Their Partners gay, the mazy round entwined.
With nimble step they beat the hollow ground,
Their hair with oaken wreathes and ivy crown'd.

A pleasing fight succeeded—Lo ! the *God*
Of Love ! a gentle lamb the Power bestrod.
Not He, for whom *Spite* tempers savage darts,
Teaching those curfed and malignant arts,
His, and his cruel *Mother's* lasting shame,
While just reproach indignifies his name ;

Arts,

Arts, by which numerous wretches, first his slaves,
 Have sunk in torture to untimely graves ;
 And numerous wretches, who alive remain,
 Dwell with despair, and ever-racking pain.
 This *winged Boy* a milder bosom proved,
 Mild as the beast on which He onward moved ;
 Nor could He see th' unhappy drop a tear,
 But He sustain'd of grief an equal share.
 He was not blind : and from his piercing sight
 Fled *base Desire*, who shrunk beneath his might.
Deceit and *Calumny* his frown dismay'd,
 And by him walked *Sincerity* the Maid.
 A chrystal vase she held before her breast,
 In which her secret thoughts were all express'd,
 Each inward sentiment reflecting true,
 Clad without varnish in their native hue.
 With this she oft can *Villainy* disgrace,
 And make him, stooping, hide his odious face,
 Guarded by this, no lurking ill she fears,
 And e'en assail'd, a smiling aspect wears ;

As

As if defended strong by magic charms,
Or firmly girded in Vulcanian arms.

Cloſe on the left, Fair *Innocence* ſuſtain'd
A roſy brede, with which that Lamb ſhe rein'd,
And guided him along the flowery way,
Or check'd him if his Rider will'd to ſtay.
Her to behold, on balmy wings upborne,
Angels would oft this lower world adorn;
Bathing in mortal air their limbs divine;
Around her ſuch attractive graces ſhine.
Her other hand a bloated ſerpent rear'd,
Which lick'd her face, for ſhe no venom fear'd.

And now, a Nymph tript o'er the pathleſs green,
Blithe was her look, unequal was her mien,
None could her lineaments exactly ſpy,
The colour of her garment mock'd the eye.
For both each moment chang'd; inconstant, wild,
That fickle Female, *Novelty* was ſtil'd.

Of

Of *Admiration* She the heart possest,
 Her frequent change inflamed his youthful breast,
 With eager look he mark'd her giddy pace,
 And every shifting feature of her face.

Twisting a filken cord with all his might,
 And stretching each unyielding fibre tight,
 Next came a Swain, and walking by his side
 One more than kin, tho not in blood allied.
 'The first was *Friendship*, while the other bore
 The name of *Sans-Self-love* in human lore,
 Honour's pure beams illumed his faithful soul
 In true affection stedfast as the pole :
 For he the former to secure from pain,
 Would naked rush on spears, or plunge into the main.

And now advanced, the Wight they first survey'd,
 And with his Spouse that Boy in smiles array'd,
 While heightening all the lustre of her charms,
 The little Prattler graced her matron arms.

E

Behind,

Behind, with downcast eye and motion flow
 Trod virgin *Chastity*, a lump of snow
 In her cold hands ; which tho the tepid west
 Around her breathed, no foil, or stain confest,
 Unthaw'd, and ever spotless as her breast.
 Long since, her modest vows, and plighted truth
Fidelity obtain'd, a comely youth ;
 Her face was his fixt vision's only sphere,
 But such his looks as rais'd no blushes there.
 This hand, the flower in living gold displays,
 Which to the sun still turns it's constant rays ;
 That, a Cameleon in a diamond chain,
 Whose magic links his varying hues restrain.

And many more from their exalted seat
 The *Prince* and *Alma* saw, a Band replete
 With all that charms the heart, or feeds desire,
 Stirs the soft wish, or warm enthusiast fire.
 Uncinctured there the Sister *Graces* bright,
 There *Liberty* unveil'd her peerless light ;

Benevolence,

Benevolence, and *Gratitude* conjoin'd,
Beauty all-lovely both in shape and mind :
 There heart-felt *Ease*, and *Leisure* onward past,
 And happy *Indolence* and *Peace* the last.

Then *Fancy* waved again her potent arm,
 Th' inverted prospect own'd the sudden charm.
 Black was the sky, the blustering wind blew rude,
 To the gay troop, succeeded Solitude.
 Instead of flowery lawns, a doleful glade,
 Which seem'd for Grief's afflicted offspring made,
 T'ward which no visionary joy could steal ;
 Alas ! so soon all human glories fail.

Forth came an hundred *Nymphs* with solemn mien,
 And flaming torches, then (as seem'd) a *Queen*,
 By the pure crown of gold which deck'd her head,
 Her awful front, and her majestic tread.
 Her crimson vestment flow'd in stately pride,
 Like Scythian *Tomiris* when in slaughter died

She bade the Persian *Cyrus* thirst no more ;
 Or bold *Bonduca*, drench'd in Roman gore.
 Her left hand held a bowl with poison fill'd,
 Which working quick dispatch the victim kill'd ;
 Her right, a dreadful dagger, which to those
 Who tired of life, their own relentless foes
 Became, she gave : or if they ask'd the bowl,
 She bade them drink, and satisfy their soul.
 Impurpled buskins on her legs she wore,
 A golden clasp connected them before.

Behind her was a Wretch with garments rent,
 He moved, as if with weakness all forespent,
 Hollow his cheeks, and pale his dreary face,
 His eyes still gleaming with a languid grace,
Misfortune He ; *Adversity* around
 His passive limbs a brazen chain had bound,
 Tho breathless, faint, o'erpower'd, and well nigh slain,
 She spared him not, but dragg'd him on amain.

And

And ever and anon her arm on high
 She lifted, scouling grim with threatening eye :
 And oft his vesture would with fury tear,
 And scourge him till each vital part lay bare.
 No evil word, tho hopeless of relief,
 But sighs profound declared his mighty grief.
 She heeded not his virtues, or his moan,
 Her heart long since had been transform'd to stone,
 With aspect sweet and bland, a lovely Dame,
 The fairest, and the best, behind him came.
 No rarer mixture of Creation's mould,
 No purer, human eyesight could behold.
 His sufferings when she view'd, his dire unrest,
 O God ! what anguish wrung her tender breast !
 What would she not relinquish to set free
 From his sad state the Man of misery !
 To rescue him she almost wish'd to die,
 Such was the feeling soul of *Sympathy*.
 The tears which sprinkled her celestial cheek
 With added beauty graced each feature meek,

As

As for that Wretch beset with cruel pain
 Her eyes let fall the copious drops in vain ;
 And blushing *Pudency* there sat inshrined
 With silent voice interpreting the mind,
 Soft-mantling on the polish'd surface play'd,
 And the moist pearls in orient beams array'd.
 So in her Eastern temple glowing bright,
 Thro a thin cloud *Aurora* darts her light;
 So a sweet rosy bud attracts the view
 Beneath it's lucid veil of ambient dew.
 Two *Cherubs* hover'd mild her steps before,
 One in his hand a golden censur bore,
 Intent each precious tear of her's to save :
 Which fill'd, he straitway to the other gave,
 Who to the starry mansions of the sky
 Speeding his purple pinions soar'd on high,
 Where *Jove* with might superior reign'd, alone,
 Except that *Mercy* stood beside his throne,
 The sacred offering he received with love,
 And shook with gracious sign his nectared locks above.

Next

Next came *Remorse* ; his eyes with looks profound
 In ghastly silence glared upon the ground,
 But soon retorted with an eager view
 As if to pierce his inmost bosom thro.
 There tenting to the quick, with direst pain
 Keen anguish throb'd thro every panting vein.
 His arms convulsed (sad object of despair)
 He tost aloft, or wildly beat the air.
 Ah Conscience-smitten ! in thy secret heart
 Deep is the sting, and fixt th' eternal smart.

Now *Indignation*, breathing vengeful ire,
 His sparkling glances darted living fire.
 Deep blush'd his cheeks with glowing crimson red,
 His manly brow the sternest frowns o'erspread,
 A glittering falchion beam'd above his head. }
 Yet taught by *Reason*, his emotions flow,
 His ire she prompts, and gives his cheeks to glow.
 Wielding his blade, a monster he pursued,
 Snaky, and foul, with venom all imbued,

Guilt,

Guilt, who by terror wing'd ne'er ceas'd to fly,
Nor, tho' far off, dared turn her craven eye.

Next *Horror* ; nought his ravin could controul,
With harrows dire 'twas his to rend the soul,
To tear each finer nerve with fell dismay,
To rule with strength untamed, and fiercest sway.
Then *Hopeless Love* ; a shaft had pierced her breast,
Her tongue to none the rankling wound confess'd,
Beneath her robe she hid the smart severe,
And pined unwitnest like the stricken Deer.

Such numbers own'd that *Queen's* majestic reign,
The Muse can scarce describe th' attendant train,
In the dark glade they dwelt, their native place,
Till now call'd forth her sovereign state to grace.
Suspicion, green and sickly was his hue,
Excess of Grief, whose eyes no moisture knew,
Revenge, who both his hands insteep'd in blood,
Envy, pernicious foe to all that's good,

Diffimulation,

Diffimulation, weeping to beguile

Like the scaled Reptile on the Banks of Nile.

Madness, wild raving like the stormy wave,

And *Melancholy*, silent as the Grave.

There too was *Brave Disdain* of worthless deed,

And *Conscious Pride* from all dishonour freed,

And *Stoic Rigour* which reproach defied,

And *Bounteous Kindness* to the Gods allied,

And *Seemly Zeal* by *True Religion* drest,

And *Justice*, well-spring pure of public rest,

And *Emulation* scorning second place,

And *Wedded Love* whom wreathes unfading grace,

And *Filial Piety* to whom is given

A lengthen'd term of years by favouring Heaven.

All that from lethargy could rouse the soul,

All that with potent spell could vice controul,

Was there; for *Virtue* ranged the bands unseen,

Her Vassals they, and e'en their haughty *Queen*;

F

From

From her derived, and bound her laws t' obey,
 To whose support alone she owes her sway.
 By her she from confusion, order draws,
 And rules the diverse *Croud* with strictest laws.

Now, for so *Fancy* bade, arose a blast,
 And the dark gloom which erst had overcast
 The sun, dispell'd : and with it all the Crew
 Like the swift rack, or misty vapour flew.
 His cheering rays more bright illumed the skies,
 And soon a public road before them lyes,
 Which t'ward a neighbouring City seem'd to lead,
 Where many a jovial troop they now survey'd,
 Who rode, or laughing walk'd, or sung, or play'd.

By the frequented path an *Archer* stood,
 Black was his lowering brow in angry mood,
 Two beauteous *Nymphs* within a certain gyre
 Held him soft-soothing, and restrain'd his fire.

Satire, whom *Candour* meek, and *Truth* attend ;
 They taught him when his threatening bow to bend,
 At their command the twanging string he drew,
 And with sure aim the barbed arrow flew.
 Those whom with deep and rigorous wound he sped,
 By *Vice*, an antient Beldam had been bred,
 Some in disguises quaint a lurking Pest,
 Others with open force that road t' infest,
 And unsuspecting Travellers molest. }
 But now with limping pace they trod awry,
 Pursued with flouts by grinning *Infamy*,
 And hated, kept at distance from the throng,
 Nor join'd in frolic dance, or jocund song.
 But ever when his two Companions cast
 Their eyes aside, a shaft he snatch'd in haste,
 And smiling cruel with malicious face,
 Struck some of sober mien, and goodly grace.
 The *Virgins* when they saw this evil deed,
 To their assistance ran with earnest speed,

And pour'd in oil and balm with healing hand,
But punish'd him with bitter reprimand.

Not far removed, a *Female* they survey'd,
Her easy limbs in flowing robes array'd,
Loose socks adorn'd her feet ; of diverse hue
A vizard hid her features from the view ;
An ugly *Hag* who waved a brand of flame,
Follow'd, her steps attending, *Secret Shame* :
While *Ridicule*, a Dwarf, still moved before,
And as he moved, a burnisht mirrour bore.
Led on by *Vanity*, and *Folly* gay,
The desultory Croud who past that way,
Curious t' observe what images were there,
With idle mirth and wantonness drew near :
When in the mirrour bright themselves they spied,
But so deform'd, the likeness they denied ;
Till that uncomely *Dame* forsook her stand,
Full in their cheeks she dash'd her fiery brand,

The

The strong similitude at once confess,
They fled, disgrace alarm'd each conscious breast.

But oh! what tongue, what language shall I find,
What energy, what amplitude of mind,
The scenes, which now superbly rose, to paint!
My numbers fail, my Muse is all too faint:
When she, the *Prince*, and *Alma* fair to bless,
Liberal, and kind, and bounteous to excess,
Unfolded to their sight the rich domains
Where in full pomp th' exalted *Epic* reigns.
As if a man by more than human power
Should in his sleep be snatch'd at midnight hour,
And o'er the sounding billows swift upborne
Behold with wild amaze, at break of morn,
A Country strange; before, with rapid force
The Amazonian stream's unrivall'd course;
Beyond, an open realm which upward tends,
And gradual, with majestic swell ascends,

By

By the vast towering Cordilleras bound ;
 And on the other side, th' Atlantic waste profound.
 So stood the *Briton Prince* in wonder lost :
 For now, down time-worn vallies rough embost,
 Strong torrents, rolling fierce, his vision crost ;
 Now without shore an ocean huge and deep,
 On which the lingering breezes seem'd to sleep,
 But soon dire war conflicting tempests wage,
 And it's chafed bosom feels the whirlwinds rage,
 With foaming wrath the watery mountains rise,
 And the red lightning fires the blazing skies.

Now, on the Champion, or mid shady bowers,
 Proud castles he beheld, and stately towers,
 And clad in sun-like armour many a *Knight*,
 With *Ladies* by their sides of beauty bright,
 To whom they told fair tales of love's delight.
 Or in their cause, with pointed lance oppose
 Portentous Monsters, or mishapen Foes ;

Or

Or in round lifts obey the trumpet's blast,
 And at their feet each meed of victory cast.
 Now heard he clarions numberless around,
 His heart enkindled own'd the martial sound :
 And now the plain two banner'd armies fill,
 They march, they shout, they join, they fight, they kill ;
 Undaunted Heroes lift the spear and shield,
 Pierce the deep ranks, and thin the crouded field.
 From steeds and men forth streams a mingled flood,
 The earth is crimson'd with the smoking blood.
 Then where the distant mountains he espied,
 Moving from rock to rock with giant stride
 A Form appear'd ; his stature reach'd the pole ;
 He grasp'd at Heaven : *Sublimity of Soul.*

These past away : and now of golden light
 A cloud He view'd, which floated dazzling bright
 Upon a forked hill ; his eyes in vain
 Strove it's collected radiance to sustain.

And

And from behind such music flow'd, He thought
 That airs divine from Heaven above were brought ;
 And whelm'd with pleasure scarcely breath'd or moved ;
 Nor was it strange that He such rapture proved,
 When *Jove* himself would often stoop his ear
 From high *Olympus* top, these symphonies to hear.
 Thro the thin edges of the floating light,
 Part of a seeming temple struck his sight
 Of gorgeous frame ; yet tho he strain'd his eye,
 It fail'd the building wholly to descry :
 Whene'er the central lustre was assay'd,
 Each glance recoil'd, confounded and dismay'd.
 With bold attempt repeatedly he gazed,
 At every look more strong the radiance blazed.

And now, said She, O *Prince*, whate'er these plains
 Can boast, whate'er th' extent of my domains,
 All that my will can grant, or Thou behold,
 Have briefly been display'd ; those rays of gold

Thy

Thy fair Conductress knows the laws of fate
 Will not allow thee yet to penetrate.
 Unless when born Thou hadst been sprinkled o'er,
 With dews Castalian, and on Pindus' shore
 Been lapt in myrtle, and in laurel green,
 And thrice three times been dipt in Hippocrene.
 There on his throne, *Apollo* I survey,
 And there the *Muses* tune their deathless lay.
 Yet e'en their mansions shalt Thou view in time,
 But first must toil in many a various clime,
 And combat with thy Country's deadly Foes,
 And crush the *Saxons* with redoubled blows.
 Then shall Themselves thy partial Guides become,
 By whom conducted to yon lofty dome,
 Conspicuous Thou in *Glory's fane* shalt stand,
 And thy renown be read in every land.

This saying, She a private door unbound,
 Which led a winding passage to the ground,

For tho 'twere difficult the tower t' ascend,
 Spontaneous and with ease they downward tend.
 When at it's feet arrived, with grateful breast,
 The *Prince* and *Alma* their due thanks exprest.
 Instant She mounted like an arrowy flame ;
 They backward trod the path by which they came.

O D E.

Occasioned by the CORONATION 1761.

I. 1.

SLEEP'ST thou, fair maid,
 Æolian Virgin, sleep'st thou in the cave
 Of drowsy silence, all array'd
 In indolence supine ?
 Doth listless Morpheus wave
 His torpid-striking wand thy brows around,

Damping

Damping thy faculties divine?
 Arise, fair maid, arise!
 Shake off the tardiness of dull delay;
 Quick bid the sacred lyre resound,
 And tune th' harmonious lay:
 Brunswick demands the verse, prepare
 Thine eagle-plumes, and light as air
 Sail through the azure-vaulted skies.

I. 2.

But first remove
 Far from thy hallow'd presence, the base train
 Of fawning Flattery; she to prove
 Her love, falls bestial down
 Licking the dust: disdain
 So lowly to debase thine honest head,
 And foil thy verdant laurel crown;
 Back to thy shades retire,
 Immerse in solitude thy form august;
 Thy shining locks with darkness braid;
 Still rest in silence, if the lust

Of fame entice thy voice to sing
The meanest of mankind, a King,
Whom vice and tyranny inspire.

I. 3.

The worthless great to praise
Befits the hireling's prostituted pen
Who sells for fordid gold his venal lays.
Though oft along the winding Seine,
Though oft in days of elder date,
On the green margin of the Tuscan stream,
Dazzled by pomp's external state,
Th' ignoble bard has strung the glozing lyre
Of specious falsehood ; yet the British Muse,
Free-born, should spurn th' illusive theme ;
And fraught with conscious dignity, refuse
On Folly's sons to waste her sacred fire,
Or soothing regal grandeur, weave
For undeserving Pride her ever-blooming wreath.

II. 1. Such

II. 1.

Such caution here
 Is vain : those numbers fabulouſly bright,
 Are harſh, nor charm a Brunſwick's ear.
 Where Truth ſhall point the way,
 T'ward that unclouded height
 Expand thy purer wings, and onward fly :
 Directed by her ſteady ray,
 Should meager Envy ſcowl
 With baleful front, and grimly-threatening, lance
 Keen arrows from her poiſonous eye,
 Unmoved thou ſhalt advance,
 Smile at her rage, without a wound
 Hear her fierce ſerpents hiſs around,
 And all her ill-shaped monſters howl.

II. 2.

Chaste Virgin, ſay
 Where ſhall begin the ſong ? before my eyes
 So various are the Forms which ſtray,
 That all confuſed my mind,

And

And smit with wild surprise,
 Scarce keeps its proper function. Here behold,
 Upon a craggy rock reclined,
 High stretch'd out o'er the main,
 Despair and Horror on her faded brow,
 Sits Gallia! while her arms enfold
 The anguish of her breast, as now
 Wide o'er the deep she looks, now o'er
 Th' exhausted land, her humbled power
 She weeps, thick falls the briny rain.

II. 3.

Changed is the scene, and here
 Suppliant the savage chiefs of Indian race,
 In lowly guise, with aspect meek appear,
 The rugged features of their face
 No more with death and terror clad,
 Oft wont with wild foot thro the dreary shade
 To range with Slaughter, oft when mad
 With wrath, and hot revenge, and stern desire
 Of blood and prey, in the calm silent night,

For

For soft repose and slumber made,
 Have raised th' awakening yell of dread affright,
 Have basely slain the unresisting fire,
 The babe from it's fond mother tore,
 Soon weltering in her own, and her loved infant's gore.

III. 1.

Well skill'd in guile,
 And treacherous as th' inconstant air, which waves
 It's fickle pinion with a smile
 Now o'er the tranquil sea ;
 But soon with fury raves,
 And lifts it's tortured billows to the sky ;
 Where the red-flaming car of day
 Bursts from his morning goal,
 O'er-powering darkness with refulgent might,
 While disarray'd her shadows fly
 Before his piercing light :
 Proud Eastern Tyrants wear the chain,
 Trust their deep policy in vain,
 And treacherous wiliness of soul.

III. 2. Where-

III. 2.

Where-e'er his arms

Proceed, th' immortal form of Victory

In her full bloom of matchless charms,

Girds laurels round the brow

Of British Mars ; his eye

Gazes entranced upon the lovely maid,

Whose winning smiles endow

His thoughts with ecstasy.

Say then, bright Queen of song, wilt thou entwine

A chaplet for his honour'd head ?

Wilt thou among th' assembled Nine

Exalted paint his wondrous deeds,

His thundering course, his foaming steeds,

His spear, and brazen panoply.

III. 3.

Ah, no ; for what tho here,

No vile ambition covets false renown ;

Yet learn, O Brunswick, name for ever dear

To Albion's sons, that at the frown

Of

Of Justice, the distressful sigh
 Mild Virtue breathes, her cheeks the pitying drop
 Bedews ; with tenderest sympathy
 Each generous passion casts the head aside,
 And every child of Reason and of Sense ;
 Ah ! be it thine with haste to stop
 The fatal rage of War and Death, disperse
 With ardent zeal, and true heroic pride,
 The blessings which attend the train
 Of hallow'd Peace, and dignify her glorious reign.

IV. 1.

And, lo, they come !
 Soft o'er the flowers which deck the velvet mead
 Content and meek-ey'd Quiet roam,
 Or join the choral dance
 By frolic Laughter led :
 And liberal Science rears her blushing face,
 And Merit dares advance
 From the dark haunt of Scorn,
 Where she stray'd pensive many a long long day :

H

And

And every Muse and sister Grace
 On thee shall beam the living ray :
 Thy memory prized, when those who gain
 Fame's blood-besprinkled palm, remain
 The curse of ages yet unborn.

IV. 2.

And see, to blest
 Thy life, to soften Grandeur's aking fears
 With the chaste conjugal cares,
 To soothe it's weighty toils
 And heart-corroding cares,
 Where Charlotte every female virtue brings !
 Oh happy state, in mutual smiles
 Where souls communion mingle ! there
 Love revels ever amiable and free,
 There modest Transport waves her wing,
 There dwells accordant Harmony
 With true Delight, nor e'er is seen
 Groundless resentment's coward mien,
 Nor doubts nor jealousies appear.

IV. 3. Hail'd

IV. 3.

Hail'd by a nation's voice,
 Long may you add a lustre to the crown,
 By merit your's ; long may the land rejoice,
 Ruled by a Prince who boasts himself her own.
 And when, howe'er beloved, howe'er
 Call'd on to stay, the laws of fate,
 Which not transcendent goodness spare,
 Shall snatch you hence from a lamenting world ;
 Heir to his father's virtues, may a son,
 Another George, renew th' auspicious date,
 And mount with glory his paternal throne.
 As now, far off be envious Faction hurl'd ;
 Diffusive Peace, oh, spread thy bounties wide !
 And may another nymph like Charlotte be his bride.

ODE to the LYRIC MUSE.

I. 1.

SAY, will the Lyric Muse
 The themes of tender love refuse?
 Tho she with haughty state presides
 Over the big tumultuous tides,
 Which down the sacred mountain pour,
 And stun the ear with deafening roar;
 Yet where more gentle currents stray,
 And thro the flowery vallies play,
 Laughing with transport as they flow,
 Where roses and where myrtles grow,
 Her hair with wreathes She oft has crown'd,
 And scatter'd her enchanting blessings round.

I. 2.

Long in the Grecian isles,
 Retain'd by Cytheræa's smiles,

Enamour'd

Enamour'd of her rosy hue,
 While frolic pleasures round her flew,
 Stole from her lips the nectar'd kifs,
 And bathed their light-plumed wings in blifs ;
 While Hebe danced with graceful tread,
 And the soft airs, and passions led ;
 While fallying from her temple's porch,
 Young Love waved high his magic torch,
 Thou too with sweetest look appear'd,
 And often thy melodious voice was heard.

I. 3.

Hast thou forgot the melting strain
 Which taught by thee thy Sappho sung,
 When stretch'd upon the Lesbian plain,
 O'er her the form of tender Pity hung ?
 Didst thou not bountifully shed
 Thy visions o'er Anacreon's head ?
 And e'en the frozen breast of age,
 In amorous nets and toils engage,

While

While all the virgins wondering stood,
And laugh'd, yet found themselves subdued ?
And when he immaturely died,
Say, did not Grief thy heavenly beauties hide ?

II. 1.

On what wide-seated shore
Do mortals now thy name adore,
Celestial Love ? Thy haunts of old,
What clouds of fullen gloom enfold !
How sunk in shades thy influence bright
Diffusing then it's genial light !
Within th' incircled Haram reign
Tyrannic Lust, and jealous Pain,
Bitter Constraint, internal Fears,
Lean Anguish, and corroding Cares ;
Unknown are there the mutual sighs
Which from the sympathetic breast arise.

II. 2.

Thy more than human mien
By yellow Tiber oft was seen ;

And

And ere the Roman eagle flew
 The sons of Britain to subdue,
 With native Innocence allied,
 Haply thy power did here reside ;
 But big with plenitude of woes,
 From the rank earth a pest arose ;
 Nature his shape with grief espied,
 And for her death-doom'd offspring sigh'd ;
 They sunk beneath, an easy prey,
 And Love fled far from Avarice away.

II. 3.

Didst thou then seek Columbia's strand,
 There thy propitious forehead shew,
 While raised by thy creative hand,
 The blooming flowers of social rapture grew ?
 Too short a time, alas ! from thence
 Didst thou thy radiant gifts dispense :
 Behold, th' impetuous monster haste,
 Rapine, and Violence, and Waste,

Follow

Follow attendant on his flight :
And lo, before thy pitying sight,
Weltering in blood thy people lies,
To curfed gold the fated facrifice.

III. 1.

By force exiled, ah ! where
Did thy insulted fteps repair !
Some ifland in the fouthern main,
Perhaps enjoy'd thy bounteous reign ;
Or didft thou fteer thy vagrant courfe
To Orellana's diftant fource ?
There while in artleffnefs array'd,
The youth beholds his fun-burnt maid ;
There while of every wifh poffefft,
He leans with fondnefs on her breast,
Thou feeft them in the palmy grove,
And e'er their heads thy purple pinions move.

III. 2.

There too the heavenly Mufe
Showers perchance her kindly dews,

While

While thus some Indian Horace sings,
As to his love he strikes the strings.

“ Ah, when you praise my rival’s charms,
“ His comely neck, and graceful arms,
“ With passion swells my fervid breast,
“ With passion hard to be suppress’d :
“ My senses float in terrors vain,
“ My blood retreats, and comes again ;
“ The tears steal down my cheeks, and say,
“ With what slow fires I totally decay.”

III. 3.

Oh, if with me, ye gentle powers,
Ye sometimes would but deign to dwell,
Borne by the quickly-circling hours,
If ye would visit my sequester’d cell :
One who with pure emotion glows,
Who not the face of Avarice knows,
Nor by Ambition drawn aside,
But owning Nature for his guide ;

I

Who

Who from his earliest day of youth,
 Confess'd her charms, and worship'd Truth;
 Ye in that secret cell should find,
 And subject to your laws, a willing mind.

O D E.

I. 1.

WHO with ungovern'd tongue will blame
 The verse th' eternal Muse inspires?
 The soul-illuminating flame,
 Kindled at heaven's own sacred fires?
 Who but the wretch of narrow mind,
 Whose sentiments are unrefin'd
 From the vile dross, with base alloy
 Condemning him, to plod along
 Scarce elevated o'er the bestial throng,
 Unconscious of each nobler source of joy?

I. 2. Yet

I. 2.

Yet tho unto the frigid ear
 Of native Dullness every strain
 Of melody uncouth appear,
 And all the gifts of Science vain ;
 Tho dazzled by the blaze of light,
 Vice starting, turns away her sight
 From where the Muses fix their sway ;
 Tho Cruelty, Revenge, and Strife,
 And all the plagues which harrafs human life,
 Keep far aloof, and tread a distant way :

I. 3.

Thy sons, O Virtue, with respect sincere,
 Bend lowly down before their holy shrine,
 To them they offer up the grateful prayer,
 And bless the influence of the powers divine.
 All who with more exalted thought
 Have Wisdom's valued precepts fought ;
 All who delight with spotless breast
 In Beauty by the Graces drest ;

All who to bounteous Nature just
Dare her instinctive feelings trust,
The Muses hallow'd votary approve,
Enjoy his confidence, and share his love.

II. 1.

Hence then away, ye vulgar crew !
Such with I to reject my lays ;
But hither turn ye worthier few,
Embold'ned by whose genuine praise,
Let the half-soul'd, cold-blooded friend,
Sneer, while affecting to commend,
Let the unfeeling fool laugh loud,
To you alone the bard his lyre
Shall strike, and quitting every mean desire,
Soar far beyond the falsely-judging croud,

II. 2.

Hard and unjust the poet's fate,
Th' intrinsic value of his name
While all presume to estimate,
Depress, or fix his height of fame.

Empty

Empty deceit ! as if their eye
 Could trace the light'ning thro the sky,
 Pursue the comet's devious maze,
 Or looking on the blue profound,
 Where not the fathom-line could ever sound,
 Pierce to the bottom with a single gaze.

II. 3.

Ah wretch, whoe'er is destined to possess
 Superior strength and energy of mind,
 Unless high-seated in a sphere to bless,
 Even against their wills, perverse mankind !
 Else mingling with the common train
 He speaks to fond self-love in vain :
 The voice sublime of Truth is stiled
 Extravagant, excentric, wild.
 For Reason, on the wings of light
 Up-borne, eludes their grosser sight,
 And active sense springs t'ward the distant goal,
 Dwells not on parts, but largely scans the whole.

III. 1. Yet

III. 1.

Yet if their weakness He befriend,
His piercing thought benignly veil,
Reflection's serious brow unbend,
And her intense rays conceal ;
They view him with familiar eyes,
And being like themselves despise.——
O contradicting law ! the chain
Of Nature, draws with all its power,
To mix in life, and seek the social hour ;
Indignant Reason goads us thence again.

III. 2.

She proves how vague the hope, how blind,
Which on external good relies ;
Which seeks for aught among mankind,
To gratify the just and wise.
Ah ! where then shall the Bard remove,
Whose song the choral Nine approve ?

Or

Or where the Sage, whose breast disdains
 The fickle throng, the fordid Great ?
 To those sequester'd shades, that still retreat
 Where Solitude close-leagued with Virtue reigns.

III. 3.

Her's are the Graces, her's the winning charms,
 Which the fix'd bosom from conviction please ;
 From necessary choice, within her arms
 We wish to spend the remnant of our days ;
 Not so in our first greener years,
 New to this world of vice and cares,
 By Flattery taught : for what is Fame,
 But a delusive idle name,
 Which fades before the *living* breath ?——
 Though having pass'd the vale of Death,
 She may with vain solicitude return,
 And deck with fruitless wreathes the funeral urn.

ODE.

O D E.

I.

HOW lives the man, whose thoughts obey
Stern Custom's arbitrary sway?

He razes from his abject breast
The stamp by Nature's seal imprest;
He floats on Dissipation's tide,
Or cringes at the shrine of pride.
Sees as the Croud directs his eyes,
Or wears the garb of mean disguise,
Unconscious wastes his genial prime,
Still deeper plunged in guilt by time.

II.

When age steals on with tardy pace,
And bounds fantastic Pleasure's race,
No cheerful scene Reflection yields,
But dreary glades, or barren fields;
Avarice usurps his tortured mind,
He loathes the sun, and hates mankind.

On

On Him no pious Care attends,
To Him no fond Affection bends,
All view him with indignant gloom,
And wish him in the silent tomb.

III.

How lives the man, whose thoughts have broke
Imperious Custom's servile yoke ?
Him Nature guiding by the hand,
Leads on where Truth and Reason stand ;
Virtue her mantle round him flings,
And Honour waves her silver wings :
He dares not stoop to foreign laws,
But wisely courts his own applause :
Health beams delighted from his eye,
And Innocence walks smiling by.

IV.

When sinking in the vale of years
His head the hoary foliage bears,
Backward He casts his tranquil sight
And views each scene reflected bright ;

No fullen damps his joy infest,
 No plagues of Avarice tear his breast ;
 Him willing Duty hastes to serve,
 And strains with zeal each labouring nerve,
 While Love stands gazing on his face,
 Intent the latent wish to trace.

S O N N E T S,

Written in the Highlands of Scotland, in the Year 1767.

S O N N E T I.

HENCE Sicknefs, nor about my weary head
 Thy languid vapours wrap, and drooping wings :
 Better would'ft thou thy baleful poison shed
 In some dark cave where the Night-raven fings,
 Where heavy fits the gloom-delighted Owl,
 Where Aconite its loathsome juices throws ;
 Where dwells the Bat, and Serpents hissing foul,
 With fell Despair, who never knows repose :

There

There drag the Caitiff Wretch, who hath betray'd
 His trust, hath ruin'd innocence, or spilt
 The sacred blood of him who gave him life ;
 Him torture Stern ! nor will the lovely maid,
 The sweet-eyed Mercy, conscious of his guilt,
 Refrain thy hand, or blunt thy sharpen'd knife.

S O N N E T II.

Tho here almost eternal Winter reigns,
 And piercing deep the womb of Nature chills ;
 Tho born far off under a milder sky,
 The northern blast e'en thro my marrow thrills,
 And freezes up the life-blood in my veins ;
 The hardy natives o'er the mountains high,
 Trace out the step of Health, where mid the snow,
 Or stubborn heath her feet unsandall'd stray :
 Hence active nerves, and scorn of danger flow ;
 Hence when of late, call'd forth to mortal fray,
 At their approach, Revenge more furious grew,
 War smiled, while triple Rage new steel'd his heart,

Pale bloodless Fear assumed a ghastlier hue,
And Death more dreadful shook his pointed dart.

S O N N E T III.

When Recollection stirs up in the mind
And sets before her eye past scenes of woe,
In vain the Wise their hoarded precepts bring,
Dead, unimpassion'd, written in the flow
Of health and strength, to nicer feelings blind :
In vain against Reflection's piercing sting,
They urge a formal phrase, or adage quaint,
And with a shrewd and well-turn'd point of wit,
Or a laborious studied argument,
Think to chase far away the fretful fit :
They might as well drink the wide ocean dry,
Or rob cold Winter of his snowy beard :
Spite of the vain saws of Philosophy,
Nature is prevalent, and will be heard.

S O N N E T IV.

Now is the feudal vassalage destroy'd,
By which the haughty Thane his subject train

Held

Held at his will, and arbitrary sway'd,
 The crouching throng from fear, his lordly reign,
 Or with hereditary love, obey'd.
 No resolutions of their own enjoy'd,
 They bent implicitly to his controul.
 Now by degrees they find that Liberty
 Opens the narrow foldings of the soul,
 Erect they stand, and boast that they are free.
 No more with rapine they the fields infest,
 Or seek out Slaughter in her secret den;
 But by the laws of equal Justice blest,
 Humanely think, and feel that they are men.

S O N N E T V.

Here turn thine eyes, thou bloated Luxury,
 That pamper'ft thy nice taste with viands rare,
 Arraying thy soft limbs in cloathing vain,
 Sumptuous and delicate, and thou shalt see
 With what small reason men like thee complain,
 And how superfluous is thy idle care.

The

The shed with uncemented stones built low,
 With flaggy grafs, or rushes overlaid,
 The fire of humble turf, the bed of straw
 Hard by, with one sole coverlid bespread ;
 Thus meanly lives the Caledonian Sire
 With his half-naked Progeny around,
 Yet joy, and calm content his mind inspire,
 And every night He bathes in sleep profound.

S O N N E T VI.

I do not blame these rocks, and barren hills,
 This desert wilderness which round me lyes,
 Wild glens, where Nature rude hath fix'd her seat,
 Dark heaths, o'er which the screaming Eagle flies,
 While the fierce winds my tottering mansion beat ;
 For savage Pain, the worst of human ills,
 Tho scenes of pure and exquisite delight
 Were round me cast, meadows, and fairy groves
 All that might captivate the wond'ring sight,
 Tho by soft streams should echo murmuring Doves,

Tho

Tho warm Etesian gales should gently play,
 And Philomela tune her sweetest voice,
 Possessing whom, night envies not the day,
 Pain, savage Pain, forbids me to rejoice.

S O N N E T VII.

Had I but met whence Nature bade expect
 That just return of tenderness express,
 That mutual generosity of mind,
 And liberal turn, which judging from my breast
 I fondly thought to others were consign'd,
 Always reluctant meanly to suspect :
 I should not far, far from my native home,
 With numerous cares in my sad bosom pent
 Have hither e'er prolong'd my wandering tread ;
 Not willingly, but driven by fate to roam.
 I should not then have press'd this cheerless bed,
 To sharp reflection, more than pain, a prey,
 Chewing the cud of bitter discontent,
 Where these high hills the Lomond Lake survey.

A PICTURE

A PICTURE of HUMAN LIFE.

ELATE with Hope, and her enlivening fires,
 I rush'd impetuous o'er the fields of youth,
 I gave up all my soul to gay desires,
 And Fancy's dazzling form mistook for Truth.

She held her magic glass, and strait I saw
 A youth with rare accomplishments endued;
 Perfect he seem'd; nor quickly did I know
 That struck with wonder of myself I stood.

When known, a transient blush o'erspread my face:
 Self-love soon took the sanguine stain away,
 Increased each mental visionary grace,
 And deck'd each feature with a brighter ray.

Well-

Well-pleas'd the treacherous Nymph, O youth, she cried,
 Point thy ideas to the highest aim :
 Why are superior virtues still untried ?
 Why does not Worth its lawful honours claim ?

Inactive rise ! lift thy aspiring brow ;
 Thine be the joys of wealth, of power, of fame ;
 Let thy young breast with emulation glow ;
 Behold the noblest, and be thou the same.

Fool that I was, with giddy transport blind,
 I swallow'd the sweet sound with eager ear ;
 My eyes the latent poison could not find,
 Nor heart think evil of a shape so fair.

Drunk as with wine, methought I could attain
 To be of each admiring tongue the theme,
 Whether I will'd th' heroick palm to gain,
 Or haunt the olive shade of Academe.

L

Whether

Whether with Love to waste the smiling hours,
To melt the captived virgin's icy breast,
Or wander in the Muse's roseate bowers,
Weave the proud wreath, and dignify my crest.

Methought my penetrating eye could dart
Thro the black plots and mysteries of state,
Pierce the thick foldings of the human heart,
And rule with Judgement's voice the deep debate.

Wildly fantastic ; the fierce northern blast,
I might as soon with guiding rein have taught,
Or dry-shod o'er the billowy sea have past,
As into form have changed unbodied thought.

Ye gay delusions, whither are ye fled,
Begot by Health on Fiction's lovely form ?
Will ye ne'er gently hover o'er my head ?
With rapture ne'er again my bosom warm ?

Say,

Say, canst thou bid old Time, with stealthy pace,
Retread the paths his feet have trod before?
The sun mete backward his celestial race?
And we'll again our pleasing dreams restore.

Again, from the full fount of life thy blood,
Swift bursting forth, shall swell each turgid vein;
Th' enthusiastic spirits in a flood,
From each strong nerve shall fire thy kindling brain.

This Fate withstands ;——and Reason, sternest guide,
Contracts in narrower bounds th' excursive view ;
She plainly shews, throughout the fleeting tide
Of Life, what airy bubbles we pursue.

By her does conscious Diffidence and Fear
Ambition's rage, and Fancy's whims controul,
The flighty purposes to youth so dear,
And that wild elasticity of soul.

Hence then, ye vain, ye unsubstantial joys,
Able the self-deluded soul to bless.—
Yet when, alas ! among life's real toys,
Shall I such soothing happiness possess !

O D E.

I.

ASSUME, O Vice, thy proper hue,
In thy own native likeness stand,
Soon shalt thou find thy subjects few,
Thy throne uprear'd on sand :
Abhorrent Nature with surprise
Would turn away her loathing eyes ;
Ingenuous Youth with pain
Thy monstrous shape would see
Cover'd with each toad-spotted stain ;
While writhing Anguish, and pale Infamy,
Stalk close behind, too desperate to complain.

II. But

II.

But cunning as thou art,
 Well dost thou know the human heart ;
 It's intimate recesses lie
 Open to thy wily eye.
 Hence thou with many a mimic grace,
 Stol'n from the Virtues, as of old,
 Unconscious of an enemy so near,
 Always open and sincere,
 Ever with decent freedom bold,
 They stripp'd themselves to lave
 Beneath a grot in the translucent wave,
 Haft deck'd thy odious face.

III.

Thy unsuspecting lover thinks them true :
 Of cloudy vapours made,
 A thousand dazzling forms parade
 Before his cheated view :
 A thousand pleasures move,
 Breathing Mirth, and social Love ;

Some

Some with quick-doubling feet,
And winning smiles, advance
In the mazy circling dance ;
And then with more alluring step retreat.

IV.

Others on waving wing,
Such notes of lively transport sing ;
Or varying now their strain,
With such dying melody complain ;
That guided by th' enchanting sound,
And swallowed up in hearing, every sense,
The fated victim o'er the magic ground,
Straying without defence,
His careless progress takes ;
Till lost among inextricable brakes,
Or in the midst of some wild heath forlorn,
He finds himself at last ;
Hears nothing but the wintry blast,
Which all his idle moanings flouts with scorn.

V. Fatigued

V.

Fatigued and spiritless he lies,
 Nor dares from the cold earth to rise ;
 Night closes in.—Ah, where art thou,
 Celestial Hope ! thy face the darkness shrouds ;—
 Oh ! through the quick-disparting clouds
 Appear, and by the moon's clear ray
 Let him behold thy placid brow :
 Faithful companion of thy way,
 By his golden lance well known,
 And firm-ingirding adamantine zone,
 Bring Resolution, in a purple vest
 By the young unfledg'd Moments drest.

VI.

Oh ! raise him in your arms ! and while his veins
 Yet flow with life, while any strength remains,
 Bear him away with swiftest course :
 For should Sleep on him steal,
 And with it's dew his eye-lids seal,
 Not even an immortal force

Could

Could open them again ; no more
 Shall he behold the fun of Virtue pour
 It's radiance from the morning-sky ;
 Black mists shall round him ever fly ;
 Or he shall fall from some steep mountain's brow,
 O'erwhelm'd by the deep flood that roars below.

The MADNESS of ASPASIA.

A BHORR'D forever be his name
 Who snares for Candour lays,
 And branding innocence with shame,
 The Virgin's faith betrays.

Who practiced in destructive art,
 Her thoughts sincere arraigns,
 And tho his image fills her heart,
 Of cold neglect complains.

Then,

Then, while She feels the quick alarm,
Seizes th' unguarded time,
Honour and Love's emotion warm,
And glories in his crime.

Such Cynthio and Aspasia were,
In pride of earliest youth
A victim sunk the generous Fair
To his dissembled truth.

Pall'd by possession, tho her soul
Was worth a kingdom's price,
Yet all it's charms could not controul
The harden'd slave of vice.

Tho on her bosom well he knew
What pangs would urge their force,
Pangs, which their sharper tortures drew
From Virtue's native source.

M

But

But Vengeance fure, tho now defied,
Shall harrow up his mind,
That mercy which his foul denied,
Shall be from him confin'd.

The grief which to her Sire befell,
His agony's excefs,
No pen, no other tongue can tell,
A Father only guefs.

Let us, faid He, my Friends proceed
To where th' afflicted ftrays,
Oh ! may our cares at leaft fucceed
To give fome tranfient eafe.

Let us her bofom's rankling wound
With tender pity fill,
Or fit in filent woe around,
As the mute mourner, fill.

But

But lo! She darts across the green!
Spare, spare my tortured fight—
Before my eyes this hour had seen
Why closed they not in night?

Her face! I view distraction there—
I read it in her eye;
That glance bespeaks, and that wild air
Extremest misery.

She opes her pallid lips—oh worth!
O ruin'd excellence!
Thy unconnected thoughts pour forth,
And reave me of my sense.

I've been to yonder wood to gather flowers,
There on a bank so steep,
I saw him lying fast asleep;
I stole on softly to the bowers,

No ear
 My silent step could hear :
 For why should I awake,
 Or cause him from his dream to start ?
 But a fierce snake
 My footsteps did pursue,
 I nothing of it knew,
 And springing on me, eat out all my heart.
 See what a frightful wound !
 Ah ! no, it cannot now be found.
 So I snatch'd up my flowers in haste,
 And round my head have traced ;
 But they're too bright and gay,
 As I wear them in my hair,
 They make my complexion more faded appear :
 Away ! away ! away !
 Yet I have been as fair as they ;——
 But should *they* be betray'd,——
 Deprived of their bloom,
 They'd sink down to the tomb,

And

And be pale and wan like me.
 Be sure with them let my hearse be drest,
 And strew them o'er my earthy bed,
 Where I shall shortly lie :
 When the cold turf supports my head,
 I'll take my fill of rest ;
 The sun-beams gay and fine
 Shall see no grief of mine,
 Nor the worm hear me sigh.
 But I pray you secret prove :
 Tell it not to my love,
 Nor let him that way go,—
 For should he come in,
 And see me look so thin,
 His heart would burst in two.
 No ;——he has quite forgot,
 He says he knows me not
 Now in my misery.
 And will you believe him too ?
 Has madness seiz'd your mind ?

Tho

Tho you may think him true,
 The faithless seas and wind,
 Are not more false than he.
 Methinks I can't but smile,
 That he should *you* beguile.—
 I heed not what he says,
 But stop up my ears,
 And am deaf to his prayers.
 In vain his flatteries he displays,
 And tells me I am fair
 As the new-fallen snow,
 That my keen eyes have pierc'd him through,
 That me alone he loves.—No, no,
 When once deceived, beware.
 Fool that I was ! I thought him true.—
 Oh snatch him, snatch him from my view—
 Yet ye tormentors set him free,
 Give him his liberty :
 The pain his conscience brings,
 Is worse than all your racks of steel,

Your

Your whips and cruel stings :

I know what he must feel.——

He swore, so holy was his flame,

That I should never know

A pleasure or a woe,

But he should feel the same.

So bid the bride-maids come ;

I'll be dress'd all in white :——

We'll take the damask room ;——

'Tis long before 'tis night.——

What say you ! Lost ! 'tis all a jest ;

It is not yet quite dark :

He stays till I'm undrest.——

Is that the morning lark ?

Not yet return'd ? where fled ? where fled ?

Alas, I knew it well ;

I knew that he was dead,

Altho you would not tell.

I'm wond'rous cold : My hands are clay,——

My blood in frost is bound ;——

Yet

Yet force me not away :
 We'll lie in the same spot of ground :
 Under this marble stone,
 I shall enjoy him all alone.

Oh ! help my Friends ! her accents low
 Her interrupted breath,
 And these convulsive strugglings shew
 The quick approach of death.

And are there powers in Heaven above ?
 Will they this sight behold ?
 Then pensive Virtue fearful rove,
 Exulting Vice be bold.

The ebbing tide of life fleets fast,
 Alas ! She breathes no more—
 Her mortal pilgrimage is past,
 And mine will soon be o'er.

ELEGY

ELEGY from SPENSER.

WHEN first before my youthful eyes,
 I saw the form of Damon move,
 I gazed upon him with surprise,
 But not one thought had I of love.

My soul grew fond of fancies vain,
 Tetchy and froward, nought could please ;
 Yet knew I not what gave me pain,
 Nor thought it love, but some disease.

Soon as the beauty of the sky
 Night had defaced with pallid hue,
 Striving to sleep I down should lie,
 But sleep away far from me flew.

Instead thereof sad sighs and fears
 About me cruel watch maintain'd,

N

Forth

Forth gush'd th' involuntary tears,
And Sorrow then triumphant reign'd.

If any drop of slumb'ring rest
Into my weary soul distill'd,
What frightful dreams would then infest !
What horror through my bosom thrill'd !

Then up I from my bed should start,
And all my former grief renew,
Think on that image in my heart,
And all its heavenly charms review.

All night a stranger to repose,
To ease a stranger all the day,
No sports, no company I chose,
To Solitude a willing prey.

Thus cared I not abroad to spread
Youth's plant, when in its fairest prime,

But

But let it all neglected, shed
Both fruit and flower before its time.

Alas, should this be love, I cried!
Too late the fatal cause I found,
In vain each lenient art I tried,
Too deep had pierced the rankling wound.

Nor other cure had I for grief,
But my hard fortune to deplore,
To languish like the fallen leaf,
And feed with plaints th' impoison'd fore.

Thus t'ward the silent grave I paced,
Thus by degrees decay'd my frame,
Till by the long and lingering waste,
I like a pined ghost became.

INSCRIPTION for an ARBOUR.

ENTER, of welcome sure, beneath this shade,
 Ye sacred few, whose eyes can see with scorn
 The pomp of Luxury ; who unseduced
 Can leave behind the city's noisy hum ;
 And smitten with the charms of innocence,
 Pleased with the lowly glen, and verdant lawn,
 The leafy covert, and secure retreat,
 Can hear with calm delight the thrush attune
 His wildly-warbled note ; can hear with joy
 The village hind whistle his uncouth tune ;
 And herds loud-lowing in the dale beneath.

INSCRIP-

INSCRIPTION on a TREE in the Centre
of a GROVE.

THE Hamadryads, who inform this grove,
Are pure, nor underneath their sheltering boughs
Harbour a thing profane ; you they invite,
Ye virtuous Indolent, who scorn to act
In the corrupted scenes of public life,
The friends of heart-felt joy ; with open arms
Receive Benevolence ; hear the Muse pour
Her artless song well-pleased ; and in their shade,
Bid Love's blithe form sport all the summer long.

O D E.

BOUNTEOUS effluence of the vine !
The present hour is wholly thine ;
Fervid waves of rapture strong
Throb my bursting veins along.

Wide

Wide expands my glowing heart,
 Forth it's generous Inmates start,
 Mirth, and Fancy's vivid train,
 Wit, which Art could ne'er enchain,
 And Friendship of ethereal mould,
 Hating meanness, hating gold.
 Prudence hence ; it loaths to trace
 The features of thy simpering face,
 Thy sober-measur'd gait to spy,
 And leaden joy-forbidding eye.
 Prudence hence ; thy laws I scorn,
 Thou of mean Deceit art born,
 By fly Hypocrisy begot ;
 Noble Frankness heeds thee not.
 Yet tho all my fallying soul
 Expatiates wide, and hates controul ;
 Tho my thoughts unbridled dare
 Forward fly in wild career ;
 In their most impetuous course,
 Let me, Reason, prove thy force :

Tho thou totter'ft on thy throne,
 Let me call thee ftill my own ;
 For fo mad I would not be,
 As quite to lofe the fight of thee.

O D E.

NO; ye beckon me in vain,
 Your allurements I difdain,
 Powers of riot ! God of wine,
 Though thy glift'ning forehead fhine
 Through the garland which around
 Is fo negligently bound ;
 Tho Joy lighten from thy eye ;
 Tho the purple goblet high
 With nectar foam ; on thy right hand
 Tho the foul of Pleafure ftand,
 And Wit, and unlaced Gaiety,
 Which, with Humour ever free,

Jest

Jest delighted ; while beside
 Laughter fits, and ope'ing wide
 His mouth, lets forth a pealing din,
 And shakes his jolly double chin :
 God of wine, thou call'ft in vain,
 Thy allurements I disdain.

Lo, she comes, the Cyprian Queen !
 Mark her soul-inflaming mien :
 Thinly clad, the Luscious Fair
 In Modesty's dissembled air ;
 Mark the faintly-broken sighs ;
 See her panting bosom rise ;
 Kindred orbs of snowy white
 Gently swelling to the fight ;
 Languid eyes, extinct their fire,
 Well they speak intense desire.

Does not maddening Fancy rove
 Through every vein provoking love ?

Snatch,

Snatch, O snatch me to thy arms,
 Feast on willing Beauty's charms,
 Luxurious feast without controul,
 And bathe in rapture all thy soul.

Cyprian Venus, hence away,
 Scorn attends thy longer stay ;
 I detest the bought embrace ;
 Well I know thy practised face :
 Hence to unsuspicious Youth,
 Palm on him pretence for truth.
 By Experience rightly taught,
 Mine be Reason's sober thought ;
 Temperance, and her frugal hoard,
 Slender fare, and homely board ;
 Mine be calm, domestic life,
 The nuptial bed, the tender wife ;
 The smiling infant on my knee,
 Chirping it's little tale with glee.

O

So

So shall Health attend me still,
 So shall Pleasure drink her fill
 From the purest source of joy;
 So shall Love without alloy,
 Frolic o'er the hallow'd ground,
 And wave his genial wing around.

Cyprian Venus, to my eyes,
 When these home-felt transports rise,
 Bacchus' riot-breeding train,
 And thy embraces I disdain.

On the DEAD SPARROW of LESBIA.

From CATULLUS.

O Venus! O ye Loves bewail!
 And all who finer passions feel!
 Dead is the sparrow of my Fair,
 The sparrow, who her tender care,

Who

Who her excess of fondness proved,
 Whom dearer than her eyes she loved.
 For he the sweetest mind possess'd ;
 Conscious by whom he was caress'd,
 He ne'er from her endearments flew ;
 Not she her mother better knew ;
 But leaping round in wanton play,
 Twitter'd to her the live-long day.
 Now goes he to the gloomy bourn,
 Whence no one ever may return.
 Perish, ye fatal shades, who spare
 Nothing that's either good or fair !
 Now have ye snatch'd with ruthless mind
 The best and fairest of his kind.
 O Impious Deed ! from cheerful day
 To force the little wretch away !
 For whom my Girl finds no relief,
 Her swelling eyes are red with grief.

To S L E E P.

WHERE are the downy slumbers fled
 Which hover'd nightly o'er my head,
 And soon as I my pillow prest,
 Clos'd my eyes in sweetest rest?
 By wakeful Love forbid to stay,
 Alas! too long ye keep away!
 O come, ye vagrant slumbers, spread
 Again your pinions o'er my head!
 O, long unhear'd my sweet repose,
 Again my fainting eye-lids close!

E L E G Y.

THE truest Love is most reserved and shy,
 No look of confidence or boldness wears,
 Known by the humble brow, and soften'd eye,
 And full of wavering doubts, and anxious fears.

When

When I perceived that Thespia had o'ercome
My yielding heart, and fixt her empire there,
That from her hands I must receive my doom,
And all my future weal must flow from her,

How did my bosom fluctuate with the pain
Of native bashfulness and strong desire !
What varying conflicts did I not sustain !
How struggled soft respect, with Passion's fire.

Oft did I wish the secret to have told,
But awe withheld, and modest dread prevail'd ;
Her presence all my faculties controul'd,
And every settled resolution fail'd.

At length with firm intent I fought the Fair,
With firm intent to pour out all my heart,
At once display the story of my care,
And the long misery of consuming smart.

To

To a sequester'd grove her steps I drew,
 She without guile, went innocently free,
 No ill suspecting, for no ill she knew,
 Nor fear'd to trust herself alone with me.

At first my usual converse I assay'd,
 Hoping from thence to gain a tranquil air,
 And as along the winding path we stray'd,
 With frequent blossoms deck'd her flowing hair.

But still my shorten'd breath fast went and came,
 O'er my embarrass'd limbs a stiffness hung,
 My heart throbb'd strong, and shook my labouring frame,
 And fears, I knew not how, unnerved my tongue.

Resolved to speak, some secret power restrain'd ;
 Ashamed, and angry with myself I grew,
 With crimson consciousness my cheeks were stain'd,
 And quick again the conscious stains withdrew.

She

[III]

She, whether observant all the while,
Or else this strange confusion to relieve,
Talks with her wonted ease, and careless smile,
But brief and vague each answer which I gave.

Then chang'd my fickle will it's first design,
Determined sudden on some future day,
Then would I each perplexity entwine,
And every ardent wish before her lay.

A transient calm succeeded in my breast ;
Yet sure, thought I, they were not so conceal'd,
But she th' emotions of my heart hath guess'd ;
She too may haply wish they were reveal'd.

Though now my faltering tongue its aid denies,
She must have read the language of my soul,
Nor have I mark'd displeasure in her eyes,
When forth from mine the glance of Love hath stole.

Then

Then turning round in haste, as if afraid
 Left diffidence again might intervene,
 Not daring to erect my timid head,
 My hesitating lips disclosed my pain.

E L E G Y.

IN nothing was I learn'd, but only how
 To pen my flocks, and drive them to the field,
 In the strait furrow to direct my plough,
 And when my hoe and pruning-hook to wield.

Uncultivated was my mind, and mean,
 My abject thoughts low fasten'd to the earth,
 Till Love, with hand benign, brake Custom's chain,
 And bade me soar beyond my humble birth.

With

With beauty fired, I look'd around, and saw
The charms of Nature never seen before ;
O Love ! a willing vassal to thy law
I bend, I feel thy blessings, and adore.

Prompted by thee, *as yet* with trembling tongue
I call'd the Muses, and desired their aid,
My wood-notes in the hazel copse I sung,
And caught th' attention of the listening maid.

She ~~listen'd~~ to my strains, she heard my tale,
While deepening blushes o'er her cheeks arise,
The soft consenting sigh my lips inhale,
I see the yielding languor of her eyes.

No ; witness Truth ! if ever I estrange
This grateful heart which only beats for thee—
Why utter needless vows ? I cannot change,
Fix'd are my bonds, nor will I e'er be free.

Fix'd is thy gentle fway, by thee my mind
 Avarice and all its fordid acts disdains,
 The common vice of Passion unrefined,
 The common vice among our country Swains.

Hence stinging cares ; hence groveling they behold
 The state of riches with an envious eye ;
 They think not aught beyond the power of gold,
 Nor know how Love can lift the soul on high,

Oh ! come, my Fair-one ; I have thatch'd above,
 And whiten'd all around my little cot,
 I've shorn the hedges leading to the grove,
 Nor is the seat, and willow bower forgot.

Low is the path of life in which I move,
 Yet wilt thou not regret the higher sphere
 Of Wealth and noisy Pride ; while faithful Love,
 And Innocence, and sweet Content, are here.

ELEGY.

E L E G Y.

STILL, blooming Health, thy modest graces shed
 O'er the clear surface of my Thespia's cheek ;
 There let thy fresh, thy glowing tints be spread,
 Thy smiles enlightening, and complacence meek.

Protect her where she goes, ye gentle Powers,
 Pure Denizons of undulating air,
 Whether from glowing noon-tide's sultry hours,
 Or Evening's dewy shades, protect the Fair.

'Tis true, my Thespia, I indeed confess
 That selfish are the prayers and vows I pay,
 With no disinterested voice I bless
 The Gods, or pour the supplicating lay.

For, ah ! from thee, and from thy looks, I find,
 Warm to my heart each cordial joy must flow,
 Sweetening the ills of Life ; from thee my mind
 Must taste its keenest sense of piercing woe.

Thine is the master-key each spring to rule,
 Each hidden movement of my secret thought ;
 Sure thou wert bred in some Enchanter's school,
 Who all his spells and mystick charms has taught.

Yet then would Holy Truth with thee reside,
 Truth which unbounded Confidence may trust ?
 Yet then would mean Deceit fly far aside ?
 And wild Caprice confounding false and just ?

Would'st thou have said, as I, struck dumb with fear,
 Tremblingly pointed out my humble bower,
 Haply Tranquility and Peace are there,
 For them I scorn the gawdy farce of Power ?

O thou

O thou sincerest ! how shall I repay
 The endless debt of gratitude I owe ?
 Quickly, my Fair, point out to me the way,
 And shew the path, for thou alone canst shew.

Tho silent is thy tongue, thy speaking eye,
 The modest blushes o'er thy cheeks which rove,
 That deep-drawn breath, that panting breast reply,
 The sole return is tenderness and love.

Will this suffice ? and dost thou ask no more ?
 What the spontaneous feelings needs must give ?
 Oh ! let me lavish on thee all my store,
 Nor cease to love thee till I cease to live.

For ever rivetted within my heart
 Thy dear unsullied image shall remain :
 When from that seat I bid it to depart,
 May I by some tremendous stroke be slain !

No common death I shall deserve to die,
To pine by inches on a barren strand,
Scorch'd by the vengeful Sun's severest eye,
Nor by one sportive wandering Zephyr fann'd :

To freeze on some bleak rock : to glut the rage
Of howling beasts within the dreary waste :
Or live, in youth despis'd, in helpless age
Th' extremities of want and woe to taste :

To walk a moving plague among mankind,
Shunn'd, hated, and refused the alms I crave,
Refused Despair's last, only wish, to find
A still retirement in the peaceful grave :

In that fond hope to be deceived, to hear
With soul yet conscious, in the church-yard way
The fierce invective cast upon my bier,
And scornful Laughter dancing o'er my clay :

All this, and more, I shall deserve to prove,
When led by changeful Fancy's wanton eye,
I turn a faithless truant to thy love,
And on the wings of vagrant Falsehood fly.

E L E G Y.

AH! whence, my Thespia, can that anguish flow,
That silent anguish of expressive woe?
That sigh which from thy struggling bosom stole?
That look which pierces to thy inmost soul?
Ah! say, my Thespia, I conjure thee say,
To *me* the hidden cause thou *mayst* display:
Half of thyself, I claim my lawful share;
Yet would to Heaven that I the whole might bear!
Unveil thy thoughts in confidence to me;
And trust a bosom fraught with sympathy.
From thee would I my labouring heart confine?
And are not all its deepest secrets thine?

Wretch

Wretch that I am ! am I (who thee from pain
 To shield, would pour out life at every vein),
 Am I the cause ? and couldst thou ever spy
 A look of coldness glancing from my eye ?
 To thee a cold blank look ? Oh ! too refined,
 And subtle error of thy feeling mind !
 A delicacy apt too deep to dive,
 To each nice touch too tenderly alive !
 Though I esteem it as a blessing sent,
 As the more polish'd mind's chief ornament,
 A sacred spark kindled by Heaven's own ray,
 Yet let not Sensibility betray.

Thou weep'st ; where did my tongue profanely rove ?
 How could I blame thee ? 'twas excess of Love.
 O let me circle thee with strict embrace,
 Warm breast to breast, and glowing face to face,
 (My fixed lips while speechless rapture ties),
 Imbibe the lucid moisture of thine eyes,

Thy

Thy melting spirit in each breath inhale,
Gaze on thee till the nerves of vision fail,
And quite o'erpower'd by Love's imperious sway,
Feel all my fainting soul dissolve away.

E L E G Y.

WHAT have I done, what crime in me is found,
What secret evil lurking in my breast,
That while all Nature else is smiling round,
Heaven has on me it's heaviest stroke impress'd?

Have I e'er dropp'd a wish of other's harm?
Or done an ill tho ne'er to be reveal'd?
Have I not always breath'd th' emotion warm
On the chaste lip of Social Virtue seal'd?

Q

Ah!

Ah ! is it not enough that far away
From my own native happy fields I rove,
Far from each friendly name condemn'd to stray,
And torn by cruel force from her I love.

But must thro her the barbed steel be sent,
Which piercing, with severest torture wounds ?
Shall she I love convey the punishment
Which Justice must confess exceeds its bounds ?

On me rain all your woes, ye righteous Powers !
Though hard, I'll strive the misery to bear ;
View Sickness steal away my lingering hours
On tainted wing, nor drop a pining tear :

But, ah ! the gentle Virgin's tender frame——
O Bright-hair'd Chastity ! O Angel Truth !
If ye are aught beyond an empty name,
Save, save in pity Innocence and Youth.

Shield,

Shield, shield me from the racking thought ! I spy
 From her cold cheeks the bland suffusion fled,
 Dead is the piercing magick of her eye,
 The lustre-darting beam of sense is dead.

She calls on me.—Oh, snatch the last embrace !
 Woods, rivers, mountains, countries intervene ;
 Oh curse of curses ! ne'er that lovely face
 Again shall I behold ; e'en the last scene

Some dreary satisfaction might afford,
 Some solace to the madness of Despair,
 Gloating in secret on his gloomy hoard,
 With eye intorted viewing what is there.

A M Y N T A S.

An ELEGIAC POEM. 1765.

THE strains of young Amyntas, when disease
 Prey'd on his frame, and hopeless of relief
 With anxious soul He struck the solemn lyre,
 I give to those, whose feelings, like his own,
 Unwarp'd by dissipation, or the touch
 Of morbid sensibility, are true
 To genuine pity: who like him retired
 Far from the world, but not with him condemn'd
 To share the bitter cup, still love the tones
 Pleasingly sad, which Nature prompts to flow,
 Nor selfish from affliction turn their eye,
 Nor scorn th' impassion'd Muse's hallow'd lay.
 Thus in his secret haunts He struck the lyre,
 And thus in solemn note the strains began.

Hail

Hail ye sequester'd rocks ! ye pines which shed
 Your melancholy horrors o'er my head !
 Ye scenes, where Solitude unfolds her wings,
 And silence still as death around her flings !
 Not that I invoke your darkening glade,
 To pour upon my mind a deeper shade :
 Superfluous were your help to wake the strain
 Of grief, when feeling nature bids complain :
 When stern reflection speeds her arrow keen,
 And piercing tells me " thus thou once hast been."
 No, in the regal dome of festive pride
 Where luxury expands her banners wide,
 Where noisy riot, and unthinking mirth,
 And the whole brood of folly take their birth,
 Cheerless would sit the wretch o'erwhelm'd with pain,
 And e'en a Siren's note would charm in vain.

Yet hail ! for here I may without controul
 Indulge the sad emotions of my soul.

Into

Into this lonely place th' insulting eye
 Of curious impudence will fail to pry.
 From the false voice of harlot pity free,
 Here I may give a loose to misery.
 Here I may drag my languid feet and flow,
 Here I may lay my drooping limbs full low,
 On the cold ground in wild diffusion spread,
 Nerveless my arms, and unsustain'd my head.

Why was I born? or why did I not come
 A blasted Embryo from my mother's womb?
 Curst be the moment when the midwife smiled,
 And hail'd her parent of a living child.
 Yet, I accuse not Heaven: I lived, I grew,
 And seem'd as nurs'd by it's descending dew.
 With joy and health thro' childhood's paths I ran,
 With joy and health thro' youth rose up to man.
 Yes, in the strength of rosy health array'd,
 I've trod with active feet the verdant mead,

Elate,

Elate, and conscious of her genial glow,
 With active feet have climb'd the mountain's brow.
 When the high-mettled blood with loosen'd reins,
 Fiery and hot rush'd bounding thro the veins.
 When every nerve with quick sensation fraught,
 Each touch, sound, sight, to the warm seat of thought
 Bore swiftly, and with pleasing stamp impress'd :
 When sweet content, self-nurtured, in my breast
 Fix'd her abode : from whom good-nature sprung,
 She tuned each gentle accent of my tongue,
 Spread o'er my cheeks her mild complacent air,
 My forehead smoothed, and laugh'd at angry care.

Rather be curst the day, when in the pride
 Of youth, and prodigal of strength, I tried
 My limbs beyond what prudent nature gave :
 When I with foolish emulation brave,
 Tortured each tendon, every nerve, to gain
 A bootless victory on the grassy plain :

Not

Not used to share the wrestler's hardy deed,
 Not form'd to bear away th' athletic meed.
 Thence the cold sweat which now bedews my limbs,
 Thence the damp mist before my eyes which swims,
 The hoarse weak voice, and interrupted breath,
 Each anxious presage of approaching death
 Which terrifies my mind : it's powers decay'd,
 No longer in it's wonted robes array'd
 Of constancy, of firmness ; ere I die
 Reason seems dead, and dull fatuity
 Threatens her vacant throne. Oh ! dreadful thought !
 Better have never been, better be nought,
 Than just with sense enough to see and rue
 The dismal change, to drag on life, and view
 Blighted by sickness' harsh and wintry frown
 Each intellectual blossom falling down,
 Each intellectual fruit, which late so fair
 Put forth by health and youth, the balmy air
 Promised to ripen : to look round in vain
 For gay imagination's vivid train,

The

The quick-wing'd thought, which gathering knowledge,
flew

From Earth, to the blue arch of Heaven, or drew
Whene'er She pleased from her own secret store
Sweet entertainment : ope'd the hidden door,
Most difficult to open, and beheld
Herself in naked entity reveal'd.

What tho the lustre of these eyes is gone,
These eyes which once could gaze upon the sun
When in the centre of his noontide height
He pour'd redundant his strong beams of light !
What tho these nerves, thro which in glad some tide
I felt the genial happy spirits glide,
With cold obstruction pine ! I had not cared
If firm my mental eye, if my soul shared
It's pristine warmth, nor should corporeal pain
Howe'er tormenting, urge me to complain.
Yes, worse than racks or fire it is, to find
Eras'd the loved ideas of the mind,

R

Yet

Yet still surviving, o'er God's earth to stray
A mere mechanic piece of moving clay.

Tho even this perchance I might have borne,
Had not from out my suffering breast been torn
Her generous offspring; wisdom of the head,
Had not the virtues of the heart been dead
I might have spared. But where, alas! is now
That instantaneous sympathizing glow
Which when another's sudden good was known
I felt like lightning o'er my bosom thrown?
Oh! I remember at the tale of grief
My loaded heart in tears hath found relief,
In purest drops from pity's genuine source.
Now self engrosses all, now self by force
Weighs down the nobler passions, in their stead
Suspicion, peevishness, and gloom succeed.
Fain would I fly from their detested sway,
Tho oft rebellious, still I must obey;

My

My soul is harrafs'd out with anxious care,
And each unfriendly passion harbours there.

Ye Maids of Memory! who benignly bright
Ope'd your gay visions to my youthful fight:
Led by whose retrospective power I stray'd
Thro darksome shade, or sunny lawn, and play'd
With wild-eyed Fancy: while at her command
A thousand wing'd ideas rose, and fann'd
With light capricious plume my glowing face.
Ye Maids of Memory! wrapt in whose embrace
I've spent all day, and all the livelong night,
Nor wish'd, so ravishing was the delight,
Return of morn, as o'er your sacred page
I hung enamour'd, while with eager rage
I swallow'd as it were your magic lay.
Ye Maids of Memory, to whom I pay,
E'en now, faint adoration, for no more
Is left to pay, each rapturous thought is o'er,

The blaze of love which kindled in my breast
 When to my wond'ring eyes you stood confest.
 Witness, ye Maids of Memory, how my soul
 Expatiated then, no mean controul
 Shackled elastic thought, no straiten'd sphere
 It's efforts circumscribed; was even air,
 All-piercing air more free? then did I live,
 Then could I pleasure take, then pleasure give,
 Then dwelt I with the gay, or with the grave,
 But now my soul is an imprison'd slave;
 She strives indeed for freedom, but in vain,
 So dark the dungeon, and so strong the chain.

With thee too God of wine, and of delight!
 Attentive to the voice, and happy flight
 Of inexpressive humour, I with joy
 Have often fate; not thee with vile alloy
 Of frontless ribaldry debased, but thee,
 Where on each side of genuine liberty

Stood

Stood the fair forms of decency and sense.
 They order'd social gayety dispense
 Her blessings ; widen'd friendship's raptur'd heart ;
 Bade into life each generous feeling start ;
 Awaken'd native genius ; all around
 Sincere, colloquial intercourse was found,
 Communion sweet of souls. Alas ! the hour
 Is come, when I no longer own thy power.
 Mirth, what art Thou ? to me, an empty name.
 I own it, tho I blush a crimson shame,
 Society I hate : I shun the way
 Of converse, as if there infection lay ;
 Far at a distance by myself I go,
 For loneliness well fits the soul of woe.
 Nor can I bear to be despised when seen,
 Conscious I am not what I once have been,
 The world must know the same : I feel, I feel
 Contempt, more piercing than the sharpest steel ;
 Her ever-rankling wound no balm can cure,
 The pain no mortal flesh can long endure.

I have

I have not been despised : the listening ear
 Hath wish'd again my ended speech to hear :
 Not that I ask'd respectful awe to find,
 But more, had gain'd the love of human-kind ;
 By those who fully knew me, most careft,
 By those who knew the secrets of my breast.
 I have not been despised ; the partial eye
 Of beauty hath on me been cast, the sigh
 Hath heaved the bosom of the pitying maid,
 When I the sufferings of my heart display'd,
 The hidden grief which prey'd upon my frame,
 The secret fears, and ill-dissembled flame.

Ah ! why was there to me a soul, just Heaven !
 Susceptible of tender passion given !
 Why did my eyes, which scorn'd the pomp of gold,
 Enraptur'd, beauty's angel form behold ?
 Catch the quick glance ? imbibe the gentle smart ?
 And pour the grateful frenzy o'er my heart ?

While

While still my mind with higher notions fraught,
 And a more noble dignity of thought,
 Spurn'd each base impulse, nor to gain alone
 Corporeal charms desired, but to be one,
 One soul with her I loved, t' imingle there.
 This, this I cried is only love sincere,
 When wishes, passions, sentiments agree ;
 For such as these ethereal harmony
 Starts from her sphere, and ravish'd at the sight,
 Dwells in their presence with supreme delight.
 The joys these only know, these only prove
 The feelings worthy the blest name of love.

Thus while I spake, around my youthful head
 Delusive hope her flattering pinions spread,
 Sprinkled her magic dust before my eyes,
 And bade, as true, the airy visions rise.
 Each soft domestic bliss methought was mine,
 For me did cordial amity entwine

Her

Her ever-florid wreathe. O vainly blind !
 Now I perceive the folly of my mind
 To plan down aught in this uncertain state :
 Yet, who could trace the mazy steps of fate ?
 No, for me ne'er shall burn the nuptial fire,
 No prattling infant e'er shall call me fire,
 While sitting on my knee, my warm cheeks glow,
 And my fond eyes with tenderness o'erflow.
 A solitary being to the tomb
 I must descend, snatcht in life's early bloom,
 A solitary wretch, nor shall a tear
 Of wife, or child wash my funereal bier.
 Nor when time's mellowing hand shall bring relief,
 And lenient years have soothed the pangs of grief,
 With pleasing melancholy shall reflect
 Upon my words, my actions recollect,
 And keep my memory in their hearts awake
 With " thus my Husband did, our Father spake."

Alas !

Alas ! why flow these murmurs from my mind,
 When fair Religion whispers, be resign'd ?
 Resign'd I will be, for resign I must—
 But till these limbs are mingled with the dust,
 Till my soul takes it's flight, and cold and dead
 This corpse is with it's brother reptiles laid,
 (Nor is that time far off, with listless pain
 The wasting evil creeps thro every vein)
 Till I'm no more, within my faithful breast
 The stamp by nature's cunning hand imprest
 Will still prevail : if I were so inclined,
 I can't forget that I'm of human-kind ;
 Still must look back, and idly wish to stay,
 Still must look forward, shuddering with dismay,
 Still must regret that I in vain was born,
 And weep that I must sink in early morn ;
 Like a young oak in all his towering pride
 Scathed by the lightning on the mountain-side.

What art thou Death ! whose horrors can appall
 The daring wicked, and the virtuous soul !
 Can terrify the coward and the brave !
 Fear'd by the free man, fear'd too by the slave !
 If by thy aid when bursting from it's clay,
 The soul soars upward to perennial day,
 Mixes with angels in the blest abode,
 Hymning Heaven's King, itself a Demigod ;
 Why doth not Nature gladly view thy face,
 And yield with pleasure to thy kind embrace ?
 Why arm'd with an imaginary sting,
 Shrinks She beneath thy overshadowing wing ?
 Why thanks not her deliverer from strife ?
 And hails thee, Death ! the Harbinger of life ?

Ah ! why thou thinking Substance, if thy flame
 From Heaven and Earth's immortal Father came,
 Equal in kind, tho not so in degree,
 Particle of th' eternal Deity,

Art

Art thou to this vile mould so closely tied,
 In chains of such strict unity allied,
 As if on it thou solely didst depend,
 It's birth thy origin, it's death thy end ?
 As grow it's members, thy sensations grow,
 As flow it's juices, so thy spirits flow,
 By age, or sickness as it's nerves decay,
 Thou seem'st to languish, fade, and die away.
 An inmate of a cott, joyous and strong
 While gentle gales the summer hours prolong ;
 But when the stormy gust, and wintry flaw
 Pierce thro the crazy door, and roof of straw,
 Shivering, and cold, and sad ; confined at home,
 Able, nor willing o'er the fields to roam :
 And when a whirlwind's rage, or torrent's fall,
 Shakes o'er thy trembling head the ruin'd wall ;
 O'erwhelm'd thou liest, or by the furious stream
 Swept clean away, like a forgotten dream.

Ah, hold ! I stand upon a mountain's brow,
 And dark, and deep is the abyss below ;
 Reason recoils, and upward casts her eye
 Where cherub Hope sails thro the azure sky,
 Transparent is her vest, and from her wings
 Strong-beaming rays of steady light She flings ;
 Join'd hand in hand with Faith She flies along,
 Faith ever blooming, ever fair, and young,
 Than fabled Hebe She more blooming far,
 Her graceful head with a resplendent star
 Majestically crown'd ; aloft they fly,
 The lovely pair ; nor can my dazzled eye
 Pursue them farther, than to where it's sight
 Is overpower'd by th' effulgent light
 Of heavenly radiance issuing from above :
 Yet sacred strains of rapture and of love
 Break on my ear, and the sweet thrilling sounds
 Soothe my sad soul, and ease her smarting wounds.

Help

Help me, ye Powers ! from out that foul to tear
Each mean, each groveling thought, which harbours
there !

To mount on high, your shining track pursue,
Till Heaven unbounded bursts upon my view !
By you upborne, oh, teach me to despise
Life's real evils, and imagined joys ;
Look down with pity on the human race,
Then view myself, and blush at what I was.
Oh ! give me Patience ! give me to enfold
The virgin in my arms, give me to hold,
Forever hold her ! feast on each sweet grace
Inherent in her never-frowning face ;
Her steady eye, ne'er moved with grief, or pain,
Her rosy lips ne'er open'd to complain.
Support me, meek, firm Excellence ! inspire
Into my fainting breast thy passive fire,
Which tho' deprest, yet unextinguish'd reigns,
And mid incumbent damps it's warmth maintains.

Support

Support me while I live, and when I die,
Oh ! teach me to depart without a sigh !

It will not be ; enthusiast strains away !
I feel the cumbrous load of hateful clay.
A dark, thick cloud is cast before my fight,
Plunged headlong down from my presumptuous height.
Above mortality no man can go ;
To do his best, is all that He can do.
Come on then Death ! thou all-tremendous power !
Tho much I fear, I'll strive to meet thy hour ;
Conflict the native strugglings of my breast,
Do what I may, and leave to Heaven the rest.
All-just ! all-merciful ! on thee depend
Hereafter's weal and woe ; God ! Father ! Friend !

He ceased ; the rocks, and solitary pines
Never received Him in their shades again.
He droop'd—the fable cloud thick veil'd his brow,
Amyntas yielded to the common lot.

No

No more was seen the Form which breathed around
 Attractive animation : mute the tongue
 Which pour'd th' harmonious lay, and fill the heart
 Where every soft sensation dwelt inshrined.
 Yet Friendship to the grave his dear remains
 Follow'd with unaverted face, and carved
 These lines, distinguishing the sacred spot
 From earth un sanctified, and vulgar dust.

Stranger ! whose wand'ring steps approach this tomb,
 Know that here lies in the pale arms of death
 The young Amyntas ; gentle was his soul
 As sweetest music ; to the charms of love
 Not cold, nor to the social charities
 Of mild humanity ; in yonder grove
 He wooed the willing Muse, Simplicity
 Stood by, and smiled ; here every night they come,
 And with the Graces and the Virtues tune
 The note of woe, weeping their Favourite,
 Slain in the bloom, in the fair prime of life.

Would

Would He had lived !—Alas ! in vain that wish
Escapes thee ; never Stranger ! must thou see
The Youth ; He's dead. The Virtuous soonest die.

The DEATH - SONG

O F

RAGNAR LODBRACH, King of DENMARK.

RAGNAR LODBRACH flourished in the ninth century, and by his piratical expeditions (according to the custom of his countrymen) rendered himself the terror of the northern parts of Europe. After having carried on his depredations with success for many years, he was at length taken prisoner by Ella, King of Northumberland, whose coasts He had invaded, and put to death by Him, being (as was reported) cast into a dungeon full of serpents. His melancholy

choly fate stimulated his Son Ivar to avenge it; and on this occasion the famous standard of the Raven is said to have been embroidered by his Sisters, and consecrated with such magic rites as insured victory to those before whom it was borne. Under this standard Ivar made a descent on the territories of Ella, fought with, vanquished, and put Him to death in his turn.

The following Poem, if we may credit tradition, was composed by Ragnar, in his horrid place of confinement. It is apparent however that it must have been the work of some Scald or Bard; probably to do honour to the memory of his deceased King, to place before the eyes of his subjects his heroic achievements, and urge them, and his Son (or Sons according to the Poem itself) to revenge.

It is preserved by Olaus Wormius in his book de Literaturâ Runicâ. While the frequent return of the same images and expressions shews the Author's unacquaintance with the nicer rules of composition, He exhibits a species of

T

savage

O F

WITH our sword's resistless might
We have thinn'd the ranks of fight.
In early life, his volumed train
The crested serpent roll'd in vain.
Thora's charms the matchless prize;
Gothland saw my fame arise.
Thronging crouds the monster scan,
Shouts applausive hail me Man.

All

All his fierceness prompt to try,
 The shaggy vestment cloath'd my thigh ;
 Soon transpierced, in death he lay,
 My falchion smote for splendid pay.*

II.

In prime of youth, we steer our course
 T'ward the morning's distant source.

* From this first exploit (as the story goes) Ragnar obtained his surname of Lodbrach, i. e. rough, or hairy breeches. For the King of Gotbland having promised his daughter Thora to the man who should kill a vast serpent which wasted the country, Ragnar undertook the enterprize; and dressing himself in the skins of beasts, with the hairy side outermost, threw water over them, the cold, to which He purposely exposed himself, forming round him a suit (as it were) of frozen armour. He met the serpent, whose teeth had no effect on this impenetrable mail, fixed him to the ground with his spear, and ripping him up with his sword, tore out his heart. After the victory the King presented him his daughter, and on account of his rough dress, gave him the name above mentioned, by which he was from that time distinguished.

Olaus Magnus relates this adventure, but says He fought with and killed two snakes. That the King had taken them when young, and bred them up as a guard for his daughter; but as they increased in size, they became a public terror, and poisoned the country.

Such is the fabulous beginning attributed by Bards and Historians to the actions of Ragnar Lodbrach. His subsequent adventures seem however better founded, and carry no marks of fable, till we come to the last scene, when the manner of his death is as wonderful and incredible as his first appearance.

Thro the vast Oreonic flood
 Torrents run of crimson blood.
 The yellow-footed bird we feast,
 Plenty fills the ravenous beast.
 Our steel-struck helms sublime resound,
 The sea is all one bleeding wound.
 Our foes lie weltering on the shore,
 Deep the raven wades in gore.

III.

Crown'd with twenty rolling years,
 High we raise our glittering spears,
 And deeds of glorious worth display
 Wherever shines the lamp of day.
 The trembling East we still appall,
 Eight mighty chiefs at Dimen fall.
 We scorn with mean and niggard food
 To treat the generous eagle brood.
 The wound it's ruddy sweat distills,
 The gaping ocean carnage fills.

Their

Their host is struck with dire dismay,
It's strength of years dissolves away.

IV.

Copious are the deeds of death
When th' Helsingians yield their breath.
Our stern command the vengeful goad,
They rush t'ward Odin's deep abode.
The Vistula beheld our course,
Our navy stemm'd it's rapid force ;
Nought from the biting sword could save,
One wound extensive glow'd the wave :
It's shores the reeking current dyed,
Our falchions mock'd their armour's pride,
With echoing voices roar'd amain,
And cleft their stubborn shields in twain.

V.

No warrior droop'd, no warrior fled,
Till on the deck Heraudus bled.
A bolder Baron thro the main
Ne'er strove the distant port to gain.

A bolder

A bolder Baron on the tide
Ne'er saw his ships of battle ride.
His heart impell'd by conscious might,
With eager transport fought the fight.

VI.

Their shields aside each warrior threw :
The spear on rapid pinion flew ;
Heroes it's deadly speed confest,
It quiver'd in the dauntless breast.
With hunger keen the trenchant sword
Wide the Scarfian rocks engored.
His shield became of purple grain
E'er Rafno fell, the king of men.
Warm flow'd the sweat from every head,
It's streams o'er every cuirass spread.

VII.

Round th' Indirian isles that day
The crows were surfeited with prey.
Inglutted stood the ravenous beast,
For full, and plenteous, was the feast.

All fought as one, no single name
 Claim'd the distinguish'd mark of fame.
 When first appear'd day's flaming star
 I saw the piercing darts of war,
 The barbed arrows took their flight
 When first he streak'd the east with light.

VIII.

Our swords loud-bellow'd o'er the slain
 Till Eiflin fell on Laneo's plain.
 Thence enrich'd with golden spoil
 War to our routed foemen's soil
 We bring : where helmets throng'd the field,
 The falchion cut the pictured shield,
 Their necks deep-pierced, with must abound,
 It flows their cloven brains around.

IX.

Drrench'd in blood our shields we rear,
 The oil of blood anoints our spear.
 In the Boringholmian bay
 Making it's quick tempestuous way,

The

The cloud of darts was onward borne,
 Our targets were in sunder torn.
 The bows their iron shower expell,
 In the fierce conflict Volnir fell.
 No king on earth could him exceed,
 In valour and heroic deed.
 Wide o'er the land the slaughter'd lay,
 The howling beasts embraced their prey.

X.

The battle raged with heighten'd lust,
 Ere princely Freyer bit the dust.
 His breast-plate's golden mail of yore
 The hard blue sword, insteep'd in gore,
 Conflicting with our warrior host,
 Had hewn upon the Flandrian coast.
 The virgin struck with woe appears
 When she that morning's carnage hears ;
 A copious banquet we had given
 To the fierce wolf, and birds of heaven.

XI. Gasping

XI.

Gasping in death these eyes survey'd
 An hundred times an hundred laid.
 In haste we sail'd, a dreadful band,
 To combat on Ænglane's land;
 Six following days the rising sun
 Beheld the strife of swords begun,
 And six succceedings evenings close,
 Till prostrate fall our vanquish'd foes,
 Urged by our steel to sink in fight,
 Valdiofur confess'd it's might.

XII.

The rain of blood our falchions pour,
 It smokes on Bardafyrde's shore.
 Doom'd to the hawks a pallid croud,
 The murmuring string was twang'd aloud.
 Then where in Odin's deathful fight
 The greedy sword with eager bite
 Devour'd the cuirass, there the bow,
 The casque, the morion, swiftly flow,

U

The

The bow with poison sharp to wound,
With sanguine sweat besprinkled round.

XIII.

The sport of war intent to try,
We rear our magic shields on high.
In Hiadningia's echoing bay
First began th' heroic play.
The vengeful swords whirl'd o'er the main
Their strong-knit bucklers tear in twain.
With mingled clash our arms resound,
The helms of men to dust are ground.
Not with more transport by his side
The lover clasps his beauteous bride.

XIV.

The thick-raised storm our shields defy ;
In Northumbria's land they lye,
Their gory carcases bestrew
The foil, and taint the morning dew.
Routed they fled with wild dismay
Their boasted warriors dared not stay,

Where

Where the sword with grim delight
 Their helmet's polish'd plains would bite.
 The genial bed such rapture warms
 Blest with the youthful widow's charms.

XV,

Herthiofe escaped our force,
 And widely sped his prosperous course,
 Where with rude rocks against the skies
 The southern Orcades arise,
 While He who gave us to display,
 And shine in victory's bright array,
 Rogvald, our glory and our pride,
 Compell'd by fate's stern mandate died,
 Plunged in the storm of arms He fell,
 Then mourn'd the Hawks with shrieking yell.
 For dreadful in the sport of war,
 The darts of blood He hurl'd afar ;
 The sword of blood He well could wield,
 The shatter'd helms bestrew'd the field,

XVI.

Heaps piled on heaps the warriors lye,
 The hawk looks down with joyous eye,
 The pastime fees, and clotted gore,
 Envyng the eagle, nor the boar.
 Together rush the shield and sword,
 Then fell Irlandia's haughty Lord,
Marstan ; He floats in Vedra's bay,
 The hungry Raven's destined prey.

XVII.

Amid the weapon's strifeſul ſcorn,
 Many a Hero in the morn
 Of life and glory preſ'd the plain.
 My Son mature in fame was ſlain,
 Ripe in renown the duſt He preſt,
 The griding falchion rived his breaſt.
 By Egill, dauntleſs Agner dies,
 He rends his arms, the victor's prize.
 In Hamdus' corſelet ſounds the lance,
 Red lightnings from the ſtandards glance.

XVIII. Sparing

XVIII.

Sparing of words, the brave I view,
 Their foes they prodigally slew,
 Thrown to the wolves ; th' Endilian flood
 For seven whole days was stain'd with blood.
 So looks the wine our hand-maids bear :
 Died deep th' impurpled ships appear.
 The falchion raging mid th' alarms
 And hoarse tumultuous din of arms,
 Gash'd many a mailed cuirafs bright,
 In Scioldungia's fatal fight.

XIX.

I saw the widow's darling joy,
 I saw the virgin's fair-hair'd boy,
 Saw them in morning beauty gay,
 Saw set in death their youthful ray.
 Warm with many a glowing stream
 Ila's ruddy billows gleam :
 As by circling Nymphs supplied,
 The fervid bath in copious tide,

From

From the vine's nectareous hoard
 Floats around the social board.
 Ere Orn expired, with frequent stroke
 I saw his blood-stain'd buckler broke ;
 By strong necessity controul'd,
 Inverted life forsakes the bold.

XX.

The game of slaughtering fwords, we haste
 Where Lind frowns o'er the watery waste,
 With three contending Kings to try ;
 How few escape ! rejoiced to fly !
 The wild beasts gnarring thron'g the strand,
 The hawk and wolf commingled stand,
 Tear them with goading hunger's fire,
 Nor till with carnage cramm'd, retire.
 While fierce we smote, th' Hybernian's blood
 With copious torrents swell'd the flood,

XXI.

The steel's sharp fang, and bite severe
 The buckler proved ; the whizzing spear

Speeding

Speeding to it's direction true,
 The breast-plate chafed of golden hue.
 Onlugs will mark for many an age
 The traces of that battle's rage.
 There march'd the Kings with eager feet
 Intent the sport of swords to meet.
 The crimson'd isle on all it's coast
 Saw the red foaming billows tost.
 Ar from the desperate fight rebounds,
 A flying dragon full of wounds.

XXII.

The brave with ardour yield their breath,
 Nor heed the sure approach of death ;
 The thought of death their bosom warms,
 They meet it in the form of arms ;
 He oft deplores this fickle state,
 Who never dared the frowns of fate.
 Lured by the check of pallid fear
 The joyful eagle hovers near.

The

The coward to himself a pest,
Forbids the shield to guard his breast.

XXIII.

This I establish just and right,
That hurrying on to closest fight,
Youth against youth, with fervent heat
Should rush, nor man from man retreat.
Long time was this the Hero's pride ;
And all who by the virgin's side
Aspire to lye, and taste her charms,
Should nobly stem the roar of arms.

XXIV.

Doubtless the fates our actions lead,
Beyond their limits none can tread.
Little of yore did I foresee,
That Ella would my death decree ;
When half-expiring with my wound,
Anxious I threw my garb around ;
Conceal'd it from the warrior train,
And launch'd my vessels on the main :

Then

Then over all the Scotian flood
We gave the beasts of prey their food.

XXV.

Hence springing in my thoughtful mind,
A never-failing joy I find ;
For well I know, superbly graced,
For me the lofty seat is placed,
For me the generous mead shall foam
In father Balder's festal dome ;
From goblets pour'd it's copious tide
By skulls of recreant foes supplied.
The brave shall ne'er lament their death
In Odin's splendid courts beneath.
No clamours vain I thither bear,
No fickle murmurs of despair.

XXVI.

Aslauga's Sons would soon draw nigh,
With utmost swiftness hither fly,
And arm'd with falchions gleaming bright
Prepare the bitter deeds of fight,

If told, or could they but divine
 What woe, what dire mischance is mine,
 How many serpents round me hang,
 And tear my flesh with poisonous fang.
 A mother to my sons I gave
 With native worth who stamp'd them brave.

XXVII.

Fast to th' hereditary end,
 To my allotted goal I tend.
 Fixt is the viper's mortal harm ;
 Within my heart, his mansion warm,
 In the recesses of my breast
 The writhing snake hath form'd his nest.
 Yet Odin may in vengeance spread
 The bloody scourge o'er Ella's head ;
 My Son's fierce anger, at the tale,
 Shall change to red, from deadly pale.
 The fiery youths, at my decease,
 Shall starting shun the seat of peace.

XXVIII. Full

XXVIII.

Full fifty times I trod the field,
 My standard rear'd, and poised my shield,
 War's willing guest; nor deem'd the force
 Of human hand would check my course,
 Panting to gain a matchless name,
 And soar o'er every King in fame;
 For well in earliest years I taught
 My sword to drink the crimson draught.
 The Sisters now my steps invite;
 Unmoved I quit the realms of light.

XXIX.

Warn'd from within—break off the lay!
 Th' inviting Sisters chide my stay.
 By Odin sent, I hear their call,
 They bid me to his festal hall.
 With them high-thron'd, the circling bowl
 Of foaming mead shall cheer my soul.
 With joy I yield my vital breath,
 And laugh in the last pangs of death.

[164]

O D E.

E N V Y.

I.

WHEN in Creation's early morn
Merit, Virtue's child was born,
Malevolence and bloated Pride
With hostile frown her beauties spied.
In a darkling glen where grew
No other tree but noxious yew,
No trace was mark'd of cheerful green,
They by fated union led,
Prefs'd their baneful nuptial bed,
And Envy rose to light, their progeny obscene.

II.

Her birth the Furies hail ; with joy
For her their utmost cares employ ;
O'er her limbs, and on her head
Stygian venom copious shed,

Give

Give her blood-drencht robes to wear,
 Steel her heart to pity's tear,
 Arm her tongue with falshood's stings,
 (Muttering spells) imbue her breath
 With vapours from the cave of death,
 Plume with revenge her crest, with terror imp her wings.

III.

Forth She flies with direful rage,
 Immortal war prepared to wage
 Where'er with wreath celestial crown'd,
 Haply Merit may be found,
 Nature views her course, aghast,
 Sudden struck with sickening blast
 The verdant plants, and blooming flowers
 Their heads decline, the fruits decay,
 The feather'd songsters cease their lay,
 And glory's laurels shrink, and beauty's roseate bowers.

IV.

Offspring of Heaven's dread King alone,
 Firm assessor of his throne,

Truth

Truth the spreading ruin spies,
 Glowing with indignant eyes,
 In radiant panoply draws near,
 In her hands the shield and spear
 Gift of all-o'er-ruling Jove,
 When She first assay'd her might
 In the fierce Titanic fight,
 And down to lowest hell the base Pretenders drove.

V.

She o'er Merit lifts her shield ;
 Yield thou Fiend ! O Envy yield !
 Pierced She falls, again to rise,
 Rancorous Envy never dies.
 Truth disclaims her warrior art,
 But implants in Merit's heart
 (Breathing fortitude divine)
 Conscious Honour ; undismay'd
 Stands the self-protected maid,
 Thro all her frame within, unclouded glories shine.

VI. To

VI.

To Greece my varying notes belong,
 Exhaustless fount of sacred song.
 Transfixt by Phœbus' orient beam
 Tho Python fell by Nilus' stream ;
 In Lerne's marsh the Hydra stood,
 Till by Alcides' might subdued ;
 Yet then survived her latent power :
 'Twas Envy's poison'd garb he wore
 Distain'd with Nessus' fabled gore,
 Which with severest pangs o'erwhelm'd his dying hour.

VII.

But genuine Worth, each toil o'erpast,
 Will gain th' Olympian dome at last,
 Whose path thro life with thick-wove cloud
 The mists of black Avernus shroud :
 Till Time assists despairing Truth,
 And weds him to unfading youth,
 To Fame, which lovelier blooms by years,

The

The Hebe she, in blest abodes
Who pours forth nectar for the Gods,
And to their raptured lips the sparkling goblet bears.

VIII.

Perish the Slaves ! whom no desire
Of her unrivall'd charms can fire.
Whom Envy's threatening voice dismays
Far from the haunts which lead to praise.
Whom Calumny forbids to rise,
Who dare not view the distant skies.
Who abject, on life's transient day
For all their sum of good rely,
Flattery's vain breath, gold's vainer ray,
The gawds of futile pomp, and nauseous pageantry.

IX.

Had not untired, th' heroic soul
With Envy struggling reach'd the goal,
No Bard had tuned the deathless strain,
No Patriot crush'd a Tyrant's reign,

By

By wisdom taught, with generous mind
 No Sage had civilized mankind;
 Blank lethargy had still prevail'd,
 If piercing not beyond the tomb
 The steadfast fight of Hope had fail'd
 To view Renown's pure orb irradiating the gloom.

ODE to CONTENT.

I.

WHERE stands, Content! thy mansion pure?
 The gaudy scenes of power,
 Tho strew'd with many a flower
 Her paths th' unwary guest allure,
 Odious to thee appear,
 Thou seest the viper lurking there.

Y

II. 'Tis

II.

'Tis thine with grateful look to view
 Young morning's blushing cheek,
 Then quit thy pallat meek
 And range the lawn impearl'd with dew :
 Or from the fwelling mound
 Survey the verdant landscape round.

III.

Health t'ward thee comes, and smiling greets
 Her best, her favourite child ;
 While Innocence strays wild,
 Intent to cull the verdant sweets,
 A beauteous wreath to twine,
 And deck thy placid brow divine.

IV.

O Nymph serene, where'er I rove,
 Do Thou above my head
 Thy hand propitious spread !
 No care, and fullen grief shall prove
 Too powerless to annoy,
 Nor blast the waving crest of joy.

V. So,

So, tho by wayward fortune driven
 To mingle with the train
 Fantastic, base, and vain,
 Thou shalt be near, Elect of Heaven !
 To soothe life's pointed sting,
 And shield me with thy peaceful wing.

ODE TO VENGEANCE.

I.

O Sprung from Heaven's immortal Sire !
 From whose stern eye the living fire
 Darts thrillant horror, when thy hand
 Hurls the dread bolt at his command ;
 Whose plagues transfix the guilty crew,
 Whom mid the secret haunts of night,
 Or flying on with wild affright,
 Thy eager steps pursue.

II.

Tho better pleased, majestic Queen !
 To fit with awful brow serene,
 To fit, and bend thy listening ear
 To Innocence, thy loved Compeer ;
 Or round her trembling form to spread
 Thy plumed wing, upon thy breast
 To bid her lull her fears to rest,
 And lay her sacred head.

III.

Conscious of thee, when all alone,
 Or seated on his splendid throne,
 The Tyrant's cheek grows pale : He hears
 A nation's groan invade his ears ;
 Th' ideal dagger He espies,
 With thick short gasp He draws his breath,
 And knowing He deserves his death,
 Each hour, in fancy, dies.

IV. Say,

IV.

Say, hast Thou left th' ethereal height?
 I see thee thro the clouds of night,
 Beneath the yew tree's mournful gloom
 Hanging o'er yonder new-raised tomb,
 Attentive to the Father's prayer,
 Who there laments th' ill-fated maid
 By oaths of perjured lust betray'd,
 A victim to despair.

V.

He calls on Thee; Oh! feel his nerves!
 Only thy potent aid preserves
 Him too from death. Bring face to face
 Him, and the cause of his disgrace!
 Oh! give him force, or righteous art!
 Give, what the partial law denies,
 Ere He of grief, or frenzy dies,
 To stab th' Affassin's heart!

VI. To

VI.

To thee the Generous and the Good
Yield homage ; precious is the food
By thee to the great soul supplied,
When pondering deep with virtuous pride
O'er heart-felt wrongs, his innate worth
No sigh affords ; but on his prey
From the dark den, at close of day
The Lion rushes forth.

VII.

Tremble, ye Base ! affect to scorn
The man with nobler passions born,
Who drinks not of your bigot draught.
But know, that while with justice fraught
He dares excite the black-wing'd storm,
Know, that the mean-soul'd injuries
He dares with vigour to chastise,
He never dares perform.

ODE.

O D E.

The DEATH of HAROLD.

FLY, ye Base, at William's call !
 Abjeſt ſeek his crouded hall !

Thyra weeps her Harold ſlain,
 Who with Thyra dares remain ?
 Beauteous Editha is there,
 With neck of ſwan, and raven hair,
 Mangled by the ſpear and ſword
 Well She knew her much-loved Lord.
 Stripp'd amid the vulgar crew
 She her much-lov'd Harold knew.
 Waltham ſees his tomb ariſe,
 Waltham marks her echoing ſighs.
 Down her cheeks the pearly tear
 Drops from ſorrow's ſpring ſincere.

Who

Who with her will mourn the slain ?

Who with misery dares remain ?

Near her, generous Algar stands,
 He detests the selfish bands,
 Slaves, who when misfortune lowers,
 Fly to pleasure's rosy bowers.
 Minstrel He, of liberal soul
 Oft had tasted Harold's bowl ;
 In the Abbey's darkling cells
 Now with her and Thyra dwells.
 Pour thy praises on his herse !
 Pour for him th' emphatic verse !
 Let the strain of music flow,
 Soothe a Wife's, a Mother's woe !
 O'er the harp his fingers stray,
 Thus the Bard attunes his lay.

While the Sun enthroned on high,
 Matchless ruler of the sky,

Shakes

Shakes his radiant locks unbound,
 Darting streams of brightness round ;
 While the purest rays are shed
 On our Harold's sacred head ;
 While beneath his feet arise
 Flowerets of a thousand dies ;
 While the laurel shades his brow,
 While his willing subjects bow,
 Proud his mandates to obey,
 Freedom join'd with kingly sway.
 Why those mists of pitchy night
 Rolling horrid to my sight ?
 Why with dreadful force upsprings
 The gloomy storm on Dragon wings ?
 From yonder coast the clouds ascend !
 Hither ! hither ! lo ! they bend !
 Wreath involving wreath, they sweep
 Aweful o'er the groaning deep.
 Wide-disclosed, at once, their womb——
 Navies, numerous navies come !

Z

Fraught

Fraught with war, with fury dire,
 Treachery close, and raging ire.
 Shouts, and clashing arms I hear,
 Shrilling trumpets pierce my ear.
 Lances bristling thick I view,
 Swords, and bows of toughest yew.
 Warriors famed for prowess deeds,
 Spear-men bold, and fiery steeds.
 Fierce with hope, with grasping mind,
 Europe's various realms combined
 Speed their Legions o'er the sea,
 This devoted Isle their prey.
 Who directs the battle's tide?
 Norman William's lawless pride.
 Oh! holy Father, could'st Thou see
 How ill his thoughts and words agree,
 His murmuring conscience could'st Thou hear,
 Did his treason dark appear,
 Thy standard would not there unfold
 It's consecrated web of gold:

Nor

Nor would thy plains, O Suffex ! feel
His horses' hoofs, and ponderous steel.

Haste, Harold ! wherefore this delay ?
Again to contest urge thy way !
From the fields of battle haste,
With Norweïan trophies graced.
From York's high towers, and Derwent's flood,
Streaming warm with Danish blood.
Where sunk the fair-hair'd King in night,
And vengeful Tostig's rebel might.
He comes, prepared the storm to meet,
With glowing bosom, eager feet,
His limbs by new-born victory drest,
On his helm her eagle crest,
Wondering Hosts behold him move,
Striking terror, claiming love.

Prepare ! the feast of mirth prepare !
Their's be it's joys who bravely dare !

Waken music's sprightly sound;
Puff the sparkling flagon round;
'Tis our nuptial feast we spread,
Death, or Glory, bound to wed.

With the morn his armour shines,
Glittering thro the closing lines.
Who, my Prince ! thy words can trace,
Their rapid ardour, native grace ?
Thy exalted mien to paint
All the powers of song are faint.
I beheld the glances fly,
Th' enkindling transports of his eye.
I beheld the beams which play'd,
Beams of glory, round his head.
On him we fix'd our raptured sight,
And trod the crimson paths of fight.

Who thy actions can record ?
Who thy slaughter-dealing sword ?

Who,

Who, my Prince ! thy blood-stain'd course ?

Who thy unexampled force ?

Who thy Heroes firm and strong ?

Wither'd are the powers of song.

Met they cowards on the plain ?

The Prime of Europe strove in vain.

Pierced with many a mortal wound,

Bathed in gore they strew'd the ground.

Wedge'd secure on every side,

Who our Phalanx can divide ?

William's cheeks are pale with fear,

The frosty ensigns of despair.

Fiends of Hell ! by your decree,

Wild, fictitious rout I see.

Fiends of Hell ! your arts supplied

What valour's utmost toil denied.

Whose

Whose banner waves on yonder hill !
 His shouts arise, intrepid still ;
 Round him throng th' unvanquish'd bands,
 For there, intrepid, Harold stands.
 His look, his voice, with warm desire
 The dastard's bosom might inspire
 The flaming falchion high to wield,
 And litigate th' uncertain field.

The Norman trembles thus to view
 The cloud distent with sanguine dew,
 The tempest fraught with death He dreads,
 Terrific gathering o'er their heads.
 I saw the barbed arrows fly
 Innumerable thro the darken'd sky,
 The closer war He dared not wage,
 Nor tempt again the Lion's rage.

Curst be the Bender of the bow
 Which laid undaunted Harold low !

And

And curst the shaft athirst for blood
Which flew the young, the brave, the good !
With him I saw, extinct her fire,
Deep-wounded, Liberty expire.
I saw th' Ufurper's rigid smile,
Elate He seized the prostrate Isle,
His sweepy mace oppression bore,
And Slavery clank'd her chains before.

Fly ye Base ! attend his call !
Abject seek his crouded hall !
Be it mine to weep the slain,
Mine with misery to remain,
Bid th' harmonious numbers flow,
And soothe a wife's, a mother's woe.

ODE.

O D E.

I.

YE Hours, on whom the balmy wing
 Of Zephyr, thro the vales of Spring
 Sheds all his freshest dews,
 Whom light fantastic joys entrance,
 As thro the flowery paths ye dance
 Which Health with rapture strews !

II.

And Thou, o'er whose warm cheek is spread
 Th' ethereal blush of orient red,
 The Graces' soft attire,
 In which, while wondering at the die,
 He stands with fixt attentive eye,
 Is fetter'd young Desire !

III. Ah !

III.

Ah ! must I ne'er again behold
 Your true, but short-lived age of gold ?
 Ne'er mingle with your train ?
 No ; Fate's insuperable mound
 Incloses that forbidden ground ;
 The wish, the wish, is vain.

IV.

Yet oft in Fancy's soothing dream,
 Oft floating back on Memory's stream
 My charmed mind shall rove ;
 Shall visit every myrtle bower,
 And pluck each bright ambrosial flower
 Of Innocence and Love.

V.

Ah ! wherefore did not then appear
 Your pleasures as they really were ?
 I saw, but did not taste.

A a

Possess'd

Possess'd, unconscious of the joy,
Substantial bliss ; yet fought a toy,
A glittering bubble chaced.

VI.

'Tis Nature's law : She o'er that time,
Life's dear, delicious, early prime,
Her cloudy vapours casts ;
E'en then the gales of discontent
Within the Stripling's bosom pent,
Denounce the future blasts.

VII.

He stoops reluctant to controul,
He longs to reach the distant goal,
And paths untried to scan ;
The Master's threat assails his ear,
He dreads the lash, He drops the tear,
His thoughts aspire to Man.

VIII.

Ah self-deceived ! thy prayer attain——
Lo, Youth and Love united reign !

In idly-froward mood
 Stills pants thy unexperienced breast ?
 It sighs for objects unpossess'd,
 Nor heeds the present good.

IX.

Thou hast not felt the ills of life ;
 Envy, ingratitude, and strife
 Have never pierced thy heart ;
 When felt, how wilt Thou wish with me
 Those genial days again to see,
 Which now unprized depart !

X.

Yet say, which most will Reason blame,
 Thy thoughts which vivid hopes inflame
 Expecting joys to come ?
 Or mine, with vain regret o'ercastr'd,
 Still fondly looking t'ward the past :
 And both, exiled from home ?

XI.

The voice of Reason shall excuse,
 So shall the free ingenuous Muse ;
 We each our parts fulfill.
 That Thou the present should'st neglect,
 And I unsatisfied reflect,
 Is Fate's eternal will.

XII.

Beneath the veil we dare not pry,
 Man strives to pierce with aching eye
 The mysteries of her reign ;
 For weak and bounded is his sight,
 And while the total plan is right,
 'Twere impious to complain.

XIII.

Too soon the vision will decay,
 The thin-wove Phantoms cease to play,
 A transient form they wear,

Till

Till by some busy Demon hurl'd
They sink, and I behold the world,
Awake to all it's care.

XIV.

Yes, let me quick the paths retread,
In waving circlets skim the mead,
Or chace the gilded fly ;
The feather in the rivulet throw,
Or view the many-coloured bow
With pleasure in my eye.

XV.

And let me oft the time retrace
When first alive to female grace
My soul confess'd it's charm ;
And let me feel th' extatic fire,
And let me to the new desire
Expand my bosom warm.

XVI.

And let me trifle while I can ;
How trifling at the best is man ?

And

And let me frame the rhyme ;
Whether we grieve, or think, or play,
Life is the fragment of a day,
A momentary time.

TO MR. JACKSON.

AS long as tender sentiment shall please,
And warm expression captivate the mind,
As long as native beauties, genuine ease
Shall with the nicer few acceptance find :

While taste shall live in spite of savage art,
And tyrant custom's supercilious sway,
While Genius shall inspire the human heart
By affectation vile untaught to stray :

So long the Muse, her strains impassion'd freed
By Jackson's magic touch from base controul,
Shall melt with love, cause pity's bosom bleed,
And with redoubled force invade the soul.

Who through the mazy labyrinth of sound
Hath walk'd before with chaste untainted ear !
Return'd in safety from th' enchanted ground,
Unwarp'd by vanity, uncheck'd by fear ?

'Tis thine mid harmony's extensive reign
To cull each soft, each energetic tone,
Each note un sullied by the vulgar train,
Which Nature whispers in thy ear alone.

'Tis thine simplicity's much-boasted grace
Truely to feel, to scorn the praise of fools,
Who view with rapture the distorted face,
Strangers to modest sense and all her rules.

'Tis

'Tis thine unbias'd by a transient fame,
Not stupid wonder, but the heart's applause
Nobly to claim, by this t'exalt thy name,
While reason, passion, truth, assert thy cause.

ODE to MR. CODRINGTON,

With the SECOND BOOK of INFANCY.

I.

THIS verse, O Codrington, be thine !
For when doubt's shadowy train
With implicated twine
Held the pale Muse, who scarce presumed again
T' unfold her venturous wing,
And thro the trackless ether spring :

Her

II.

Her languid head thy accents raised,
And fleeting hope replaced,
Pointing where Truth well-pleased,
Humanity~~y~~ enchanting Maid, and Taste
Of soul enlighten'd, stood,
And Elegance, and public Good.

III.

Could Friendship's partial eye betray?
She saw not cold neglect
Her robe of frost display,
Nor thought the plants her smiles with verdure deck'd,
Each warmly-cherisht flower,
Would shrink beneath the wintry power.

IV.

But whether the Pierian stream
Is dried by wasting time,
Or Nature's modest beam
Ceases to charm our glare-bedazzled clime,

B b

Or

Or led by fond desire

I write, nor feel the genuine fire :

V.

Whate'er the cause, no plenteous dew
Fame sheds around my brow ;
Yet, to th' applausive Few
Scorning the many-headed tribe, I bow,
For them I seek once more
The bleak, unprofitable shore,

VI.

There are, my Friend, dishonest arts,
To which Earth's sordid Race
Stoop their insensate hearts ;
But Merit will not thus its birth debase,
Or impiously inclined,
Renounce the God within the mind.

ODE,

O D E,

On reading Mr. HOLE's *Arthur*, or *The Northern Enchantment*.

I.

I Hate the streams which smoothly glide
 In channel trim, with measured tide,
 Whose shapely banks forever neat
 The grot adorns, or mossy feat.
 While the calm waters as they creep
 Lull the poetic mind to sleep.
 Or where, if vagrant *Fancy* deigns
 Ever to walk, She walks in chains.

II.

No, rather eager let me haste
Enthusiastic Maid! to taste
 Of thy beloved, deceptive rills,
 Which high among the *Gothic* hills
 Forth from the well of fiction spring,
 And thence their mingled currents fling

O'er rocks whose heads are wreath'd with snow,
And thro romantic vales below.

III.

Th' inspiring draught my soul pervades,
I range thro long-deserted glades :
With *Hole*, companion of my way,
Thro scenes, where *Spenser* loved to stray,
O'er the wild heath, or trembling fod,
Which *Ariosto* whilom trod ;
Where the free Muse with native charms
Her Votary's panting bosom warms.

IV.

With Him, my keen undazzled sight
Shall trace *Conagra's* stormy height ;
There the *Gigantic Sisters* view,
Their gore-drencht robes of russet hue ;
Behold them gird the mountain round,
Uttering their dire, terrific sound,
Exciting the loud thunder's roar,
Stirring the sea from shore to shore.

V. Now

V.

Now see the *Magic Towers* arise,
 And *Urda* wrapt in dark disguise,
 And *Hengist* rushing to the fight,
 And *Arthur's* fierce indignant might ;
 The dreary Spectres, shrieking fell,
 Harpies, the progeny of hell,
 Each Shade obscene which wants a name,
 The Moat which burns with sulphurous flame.

VI.

Now *Odin's* regal form behold,
 His beaming arms, and throne of gold,
 The vivid lightnings round him play,
 His potent voice forbids dismay.
 Sudden the *runic rhyme* I hear,
 And orgies of th' enfrenzied Seer,
 His strains prophetic nerve the soul.
 The tides of war tumultuous roll.

VII.

Rapt to *Biarmia's* freezing skies
 What new, portentous visions rise !

Valdandi,

Valdandi, Skulda, burst the ground,
The icy pillars tremble round.
In Arthur's shape, and burnisht mail,
Aloft, impetuous on the gale,
The *cloud-form'd car* their Hero bears,
His bosom every terror dares.

VIII.

What *beauteous Maid*, in purest white,
Now steals upon my ravisht sight !
Her brow with golden wreath entwined,
Her tresses floating on the wind ;
'Tis *Inogen*——with joy and love
Resound the bowers, and vocal grove,
Ambrosial blossoms deck each spray,
The streams o'er lucid marble play.

IX.

Deaf to the tones of modern art,
To song like this I ope my heart ;
And tho abstracted from the Muse,
Cannot the Lyric Note refuse.

For

For as I read, th' enchantment thrills,
And every sense with pleasure fills ;
Or in attention fixt I stand,
As struck by *Merlin's* powerful wand.

O D E

TO LIEUT. COL. SIMCOE.

I.

THO hovering o'er the fatal plains
Where Civil Slaughter grimly reigns,
Her face celestial, Glory shrouds,
Wrapt in a veil of circling clouds :
Yet Simcoe ! in her airy flight
Piercing the gloom with eye benign,
On thee She beam'd a ray of light
Gilding the laurel which around
Thy youthful forehead Valour bound ;
And darted thro thy breast her energy divine.

II. Tho

II.

Tho with the classic story fired,
 Not such the fields thy soul desired ;
 Not such the Grecian standard shone
 With patriot blaze at Marathon ;
 Not thus Plataea's trophies rose
 Bright-dazzling to remotest times ;
 Tho destined with fraternal foes
 Necessity's dire war to wage,
 While kindred bosoms, mutual rage,
 And wrathful Heaven impell'd, in vengeance for our
 crimes.

III.

Tho Britain sunk an helpless prey
 To Discord's mean and selfish sway,
 Which quench'd with indecorous strife
 The fostering breath of public life ;
 Mid scenes where active warmth was chain'd,
 Th' unsteady line where error drew,
 Where indolence the sword restrain'd,

And

And counsels weak invited shame ;
 Applausive Honour hail'd thy name,
 And Justice listening stood, and own'd her praises true.

IV.

For thine was Bravery's nervous deed,
 And enterprize with fiery speed
 By unimpassion'd calmness taught,
 Nor stain'd by one ferocious thought.
 America beheld with awe
 Thy march for rapid fight design'd,
 Eluding e'en her vaunted art ;
 Yet, could esteem thy liberal heart,
 And victory's proudest gem, thy warmly-feeling mind.

V.

Had'st thou in Britain's vigorous morn
 To wars of other climes been born,
 When Marlborough with resistless force
 Sped t'ward th' affrighted Seine his course ;
 Or in her noon-day hour elate,
 When Ferdinand with conscious might
 Held at his will the Gallic fate ;

C c

Thy

Thy garlands might have bloom'd more fair
 Cherisht by th' unividious air,
 But not in reason's eye, and fixt impartial fight.

VI.

While from her pure unruffled seat
 Passion and prejudice retreat ;
 The Bard, who shuddering heard th' alarms
 When first th' Atlantic gleam'd with arms,
 With horror saw the madd'ning Croud,
 Indignant heard their clamorous sound
 The sword coercive urging loud,
 Can military worth survey,
 And dare distinguish in his lay,
 Nor shuns, selecting thee, the blood-impurpled ground.

VII.

The Son of peace shall pour for thee
 His numbers : but, from warfare free
 Hold not Thou dalliance with the Muse,
 Her tempting blandishments refuse.
 Nor sit in ease or languor down

Where

Where towers the beech or oak on high ;
 On Fancy's wreath infidious, frown.
 Contemning Party's abject train
 The Senate's dome aspire to gain,
 And watchful o'er the state, each inbred pest defy.

VIII.

Those magic arms again be fought
 Which erst thy admiration caught !
 Those arms, which, like a pointed spear,
 Æmathia's Tyrant struck with fear ;
 Those arms, which Anthony dismay'd,
 Than the bright falchion's edge more keen.
 Thus, bold Prerogative invade,
 The Democratic host oppose,
 And banded Great, if freedom's foes
 Beneath the mimic mask they hope to skulk unseen.

IX.

Thus, while tumultuous Factions strive,
 May patriot ardour still survive !

The scepter'd laws alone command,
 Their power unviolated stand !
 May Liberty and generous Fame
 No sordid shackles e'er controul,
 Essential Beings, not a name.
 Oh ! may a civic crown be thine !
 It's lustre undiminish'd shine !
 And thy own thoughts approve thy independent soul,

X.

So, worshipt from thy early youth,
 Integrity and spotless Truth
 Shall mark thy firm consistent plan,
 And more than Hero, stamp thee Man.
 When fades war's emulative fire,
 With strong enthusiastic glow,
 With all the fervour of desire
 Thy country viewing, may thy mind
 No sad reverse of passion find,
 Nor for ideal good, the solid bliss forego.

ODE TO LORD HOOD. 1783.

I.

WHILE with undaunted soul, afar
 The Hero meets the storm of war,
 While braving it's terrific bands,
 His native coast unshaken stands :
 Shall not, beneath the myrtle bowers
 Where Leisure sheds her balmy showers,
 Science and Eloquence combine
 The wreath of fragrant praise to twine ?
 Shall not the Muses tune their sweetest song ?
 And Gratitude with joy the choral notes prolong ?

II.

Nor Thou, O Hood ! disdain the lyre,
 Enkindler of the Poet's fire.
 When Greece beheld in days of old
 Crown'd with success her warriors bold,

When

When Rome with gladfome shouts furvey'd
 Her Sons in victory array'd,
 Surpassing every trophy won
 The golden verfe smooth-polisht fhone.
 The fplendid triumph moved ungraced and vain,
 If Rapture prompted not the warm enthufiaft ftrain.

III.

Nor fhall th' harmonious meed of fame
 On thee, corrial of their name,
 Be unbeflow'd. For liberal choice,
 Not party's interefted voice
 The Bard directs ; who fcorns to wrefl
 The plumage from another's creft
 T' embellish thine ; nor t'ward the goal
 Of glory, opening to thy foul,
 Would fo deprefs thy own elastic force,
 Impede thy vigorous aim, and free unfullied courfe.

IV.

Thefe boast perchance impetuous might,
 And Thofe, confummate fkill in fight ;

In

In both transcendent, where around
 Yon waving sweets o'ershade the ground,
 Where high yon verdant palms arise,
 Bending on thee his conscious eyes,
 The Antillean Genius smiles,
 And owns, amid his clustering isles,
 No Chief superior conduct e'er display'd,
 Or adverse hosts arranged with braver deeds dismay'd.

V.

While on her cheeks the blush is spread,
 While low she stoops her baffled head,
 To thee, reluctant Gallia pays
 The tribute of extorted praise.
 Destined her numbers to deride,
 At will to pass, repass the tide,
 Securely gain the sheltering bay,
 Securely cross the liquid way,
 Check her ambitious wings, her hopes repell,
 And arm'd in sure defence her dreams of empire quell.

VI. When

VI.

When changed from friends, to bitterest foes,
 Britannia's progeny arose,
 When Belgia, when Iberia lower'd,
 When France her force collected pour'd,
 When all the Naval World conspired
 By Russia's treacherous counsels fired,
 When Faction on her vitals prey'd,
 'To thee thy Country look'd for aid;
 Nor didst thou fail, in her afflicted hour,
 To prove, with guardian arm, th' extent of human power.

VII.

Envy may strive to wound thy heart,
 But blunted is her venom'd dart,
 Which takes its ineffectual flight
 Opposed by Virtue's armour bright.
 Oh! listening to her voice divine,
 Upon the lap of peace recline,
 Whose olive ne'er so rich is seen
 As when adorned with laurels green;

There,

There, by reflection blest, without alloy,
Each merited reward, each just acclaim enjoy.

VIII.

'Transmitting to thy Race, (above
All titles, all a Monarch's love,
Whatever wealth or power can boast,
Or earth-born grandeur values most,)
Pure honour, valour's ardent flame,
And the true Patriot's real name.
While History's pen, from age to age,
Recording in her sacred page
The last of Britons, thy renown shall save,
Among th' illustrious few, from cold oblivion's grave.

IX.

And e'en the Land, which saw with fear
Thy sails, and crimson flag appear,
Which struggling with her Parent State
Hath but obey'd the will of fate :
Shall point thee out to future times,
When issuing from unwonted climes,

New Fleets shall throng th' Atlantic plain,
 Contemning Europe's old domain ;
 Shall bid her Heroes thy example see,
 Form the sagacious plan, and rule the war, like Thee.



THE
LAND OF THE MUSES.

A POEM in the Manner of SPENSER.

This Poem is reprinted in it's original form, to comply with a suggestion, that some Readers might be better pleased, or wish to compare it with the altered Copy.

THE LAND OF THE MUSES.

A POEM in the Manner of SPENSER.

As if to be inserted in the Second Book of the FAIRY QUEEN, between
the Eleventh and Twelfth Cantos.

A R G U M E N T.

*The Prince nigh cured of mortal flowers,
Alma to entertain,
Shows him Dan Phœbus' magick bowers,
Where the Nine Ladies reign.*

I.

FOOLS they who vainly ween that *Temperaunce*
Her joyous sweet amenities denies
To human kind, or looks with sight asfaunce
Whan they with liberal delights devise
Their ears to feed, or gratify their eyes;
Nothing she bids withholden that behoves
Him to ensue, who would be dempt unwise;
All sports, and rational pleasaunce she loves,
But hateth idle *Lust* who ay at random roves.

II. When

II.

When as the *Prince*, by fairest *Alma's* care,
 Was nigh recured of his woundez fore,
 Which he in hardy conflict had while-e'er
 Endur'd, as gainst thilke felon arms he bare,
 But him subdued withouten sword or spear;
 As prudent Leaches all in this agree,
 That mind and body are conjoined near,
 Ne one without the other can be free,
 She bent her thought to keep his mind in goodly gree.

III.

So seated by his side, unto his ear
 She framed her discourse in words most meet,
 At times of chevifaunce and warlike geer,
 And warrior knights who underneath their feet
 Did trample death, immortal fame to greet;
 Tho fagely would she change her talk, and ply
 His list'ning sence, with speech so honey'd sweet
 And moral thews of wise philosophy,
 That he was rapt, and inly ravished thereby.

IV. And

IV.

And ever and anon wou'd *Praise-Desire*
 Open her rubin lips, and featly sing
 Her pensive notes, but such as mought inspire
 Calm moods of tranquil stedfastness, and bring
 To truest test, and justest tempering ;
 Ye would have sworn one of the heav'nly throng,
 Was flid to earth upon melodious wing,
 Sich silver sounds west the mild air along,
 And sich the blandishment of her slow-ditted song.

V.

And eke *Shamefacedness* with mellow lute,
 Her strains harmonious accompanied ;
 For she her instrument full well could suit,
 Ne wanted in well-doing comely pride.
 The Prince his secret pleasure ne mought hide,
 But smit with love of glorious emprise,
 Felt his spright mov'd past utterance, and sigh'd ;
 The living fire flasht from his gazing eyes,
 And drench'd in blis unknown to vulgar soul he lies.

VI. That

VI.

It chaunced out one evening as these four
 Did walk by thilke same river's winding side,
 From whence Sir *Guyon* launch'd, which there did pour
 His bounteous stream watering the country wide,
 The *Prince* the coast which them opposed spied,
 Woods and fair hills in beautiful array,
 And lawns which now the setting Phœbus eyed,
 Beaming the last remains of golden day,
 He saw, and ask'd what land that was which yonder lay.

VII.

That is the land, the gentlest *Alma* said,
 In which *Apollo* and the *Muses* dwell,
 On which their blessings with great bountied
 They cast abroad : there by the living well
 Of *Hippocrene* they fix their happy fell ;
 There wonne at distance from the profane world,
 With whose affairs they never mind to mell,
 Als *Jovisaunce* is there with face unfurl'd,
 And care, and grief, and carking pain far off are hurl'd.

VIII. And

VIII.

And thousand dainty shapes inhabit there,
 And unimagin'd forms by common mind,
 To every single one of which, a peer
 In other place on earth may no man find,
 Of purest nature, and æthereal kind,
 By the three *Graces* seemingly bedight ;
 For in that realm their girdes the *Graces* bind,
 And *Liberty* ay sporteth in their fight,
 And there the *Virtues* stray yrob'd in stoles of white.

IX.

How may, said then the *Prince*, a straunger gain
 Thilke place which thou descriven hast to see ?
 Perdy most rarely brave is that domain :
 (Ne speak I out of vaunting surquedry
 And lofty vain conceit,) yet is in me
 A heart in which good nurture fix'd the thew
 And love of seemly liberality ;
 Not as a faytour false, or spy, I sue
 These Bonnibels, and fair depeinten Imps to view.

X. To

X.

To me, O Briton Prince, she said, is given
 (*Alma* then smil'd, and smil'd those other twain),
 Free enteraunce into that earth'y heav'n,
 By young Apollo's self, who there doth reign ;
 Als he to me hath ordered to restrain,
 And keepen back by force the rascal rout
 Of noisy *Riotise* his drunken train,
 But never the ingenuous mind to flout,
 Ne wight of fair demeanour ever shutten out.

XI.

But now is well nigh time hence to be gone,
 And, supper ended, take ourselves to rest ;
 Now wakeful man wends by himself alone ;
 For bird and beast by *Somnus* are yblest ;
 All but the beast of prey, which is addrest
 To cruel slaughter on the helpless crew,
 And Philomela, who with woe imprest
 Her dolorous fate wails in sad measure due,
 But softer than descent of night's fast-falling dew.

XII.

Early the morn we will forth yede yfere,
 And in a gondelay to yonder shore,
 Acrofs the intervening ferry fteer,
 There on the many delices to pore,
 Of which 'twere tedious to recount the ftore;
 Thanks render'd tho the Prince in manner'd wife,
 For he was skill'd in every courtly lore,
 That night did fleep fcant clofe his wakeful eyes,
 And in the morn he rofe with the bright fun's uprife.

XIII.

Alma prepared he already found,
 For never fhe indulg'd in flothful bed,
 But when the lark foar'd upward from the ground,
 She ay wou'd bid adieu to drowfihed;
 Tho forth they iffued from that goodly fted,
 And in due feafon to the ferry came,
 Faft by its brink the gondelay moored
 They fee, and eke the wight who fteer'd the fame,
 Of moft well-looked mien, *Good-Culture* was his name.

XIV. The

XIV.

The *Knight* and *Lady* he with joy on board
 Did take, then pushed with strong arm away,
 And launch'd the vessel far into the ford :
 Tho he his painted canvas did display,
 While kind gales in its swelling bosom play,
 With speed they cut the stream as chrystal clear,
 Or as the bright-eyed Titan's piercing ray,
 For not the smallest stain or spot was there ;
 But tho the waves were deep, the bottom did appear.

XV.

When as they did that shore approachen near,
 Girt with the cæstus of eternal spring,
 Its ever virid banks ; th' ambrosial air
 Odours most exquisitely sweet did bring ;
 For *Zephyrus* there ever fann'd his wing,
 And there did *Flora* plentifully strew
 The ground with flowers which fragrance round them fling.
 Sweet-scented flowers of every various hue,
 That whilom in *Adonis'* happy gardens grew.

XVI.

Now bin they landed in that pleasaunt place,
 And now along the lilled shore proceed,
 Far as their eyne the wide-stretch'd coast can trace,
 The blithsome scenery they in silence read ;
 The *Prince* in wonder lost gave fixed heed
 At every turn, at every turn amaze
 Sat on his cheek, delightful awe and dreed ;
 Well might that prospect frailer wight have daz'd ;
 He gaz'd, and thought that there he could for ay have gaz'd.

XVII.

His fair Conductress bade him cast his eyes,
 To waken him from out his rapturous traunce,
 To where before the path they took, cross-wise,
 Over a velvet meadow, did advance
 Two beings of most pleasing amenaunce ;
 Upon their foreheads gayety did fit,
 Their joyous girlonds in the wind did daunce,
 Their cheeks were blooming red, their feet were flit,
 And treading the soft turf did leave no print on it.

XVIII. The

XVIII.

The one y-clep'd was *Youth*, the down began
 His features to aguise with decent pride,
 Ne mought he older wax, ne grow to man;
 Yet was that other giv'n him for his bride:
 Of whom he got a son, who by his fide
 Renning in merry mood for ay did smile:
Hygeia did his spouse the name betide,
 With her he took no note of time, the while
 It passed by, so well each hour she could beguile.

XIX.

That tender Imp he guided by the hand,
 With face speaking his heart so airy light,
 He hath benempt *Content*, tho he be scann'd
 A boy, great power dwelleth with that wight;
 For whomfoe'er he looketh on, his spright
 Is with complacence fill'd, and jocund glee,
 An infant babe, *Simplicity* behight,
 The mother bore, of lovely hue to see,
 Stretching his little arms, and telling his tale free.

XX. Them

XX.

Then *Alma* gracefully y-bording, said,
 Tell me, ye gentle pair, if ye have seen
 Where widely your enchanted feet have stray'd
 Among the mazes of this flowery green,
 Where *Fancy* wonneth now? for well I ween
 She hath no certain bidding-place of rest;
 But now the shade she seeketh, now the sheen,
 Now flitteth north, now south, now east, now west,
 All pleasure she doth love, variety the best.

XXI.

To her with count'nance blithe did *Youth* reply,
 (The words from his quick tongue y-dropping fast,)
 If *Fancy* you do seek, fair dame, perdy,
 In yonder glen with high rocks over-cast,
 From whence a tumbling torrent forth hath braft,
 I saw her even now: so louting low,
 He with his bellamour away did haste;
 Right onward *Alma*, and the Prince did go:
 Then why she *Fancy* sought he fain of her would know.

XXII. Without

XXII.

Without her aid, O *Prince*, said *Alma* fair,
 To travel thro this coast were endless stower;
 Ne without her direction would I dare
 Convoy thee as behoves a single hour:
 Besides she builded hath a wond'rous tow'r,
 Which hence thou seest high in the air y-pight,
 From whence is view'd distinctly dell and bower,
 And rock, and stream, and every living wight,
 And every goodly thing with which these realms are dight.

XXIII.

Unto the which if thee she will convey,
 In portion small of time, she can unfold
 What else would take up many a weary day,
 And many a sleepless night for to behold;
 Ne ever so at last you prosper would:
 But after muchell labour and sojourn,
 Some forest dark your wilder'd feet would hold,
 Or ye would sink crossing some roaring bourn,
 Or to the whence ye came ye idly would return.

XXIV. Soon

XXIV.

Soon mought they now behold that *Maid divine* ;
 Upon a craggy cliff she took her stand,
 Above her head spread a broad branching pine,
 Which sent a dark shade round ; on either hand,
 Down many a thousand yarde of rising land,
 From rock to rock a strong stream forc'd its way,
 Which there was blent in one accoiled band ;
 She joyant stood over the foaming bay,
 And bath'd her forehead in the floating dewy spray.

XXV.

When as the tread of stranger feet she heard,
 Eftsoons her eyes she thitherwards enhaunc'd,
 Which as the glitterand sun-beam bright appear'd,
 And quicker than the quivering levin glaunc'd,
 And strait toward them with light step advaunc'd,
 Her golden-tendrill'd locks down from her head
 Hung loosely, wav'ring as to them bechaunc'd,
 She never them confin'd in tye or brede,
 But they most comely seem'd, whan most dishevelled.

XXVI. In

XXVI.

In thin habiliment she was bedight,
 Of cunningly inwoven goss'mer twin'd,
 Most curious was that garment to the sight,
 And on the lap of the soft dalliaunt wind,
 Which it sustain'd, disported far behind;
 Its colour was of every various dye,
 Which in the glorious bow of heaven we find,
 And every intermingled shade, the eye
 Could ever ken, was there, in vast complexity.

XXVII.

In that retired vale oftimes she fate,
 Where *Nature* strayed wild, by *Art* not found;
 But not therein immew'd was her state,
 Nor yet y-pent in any fixed bound.
 Free and at large she raung'd creation round,
 Or, breaking thro the brazen gyre, would steer
 Her flight, with cheek not blanch'd, nor heart astound,
 The din of *Chaos* and *Confusion* hear.
 Ne all the ever-bickering elements would fear.

XXVIII.

There if she will'd, new worldes of her own
 She would create, and them impeople too,
 And in the midst upbuild her splendent throne,
 Exacting from her subjects homage due:
 Tho in a moment's space these worldes new,
 And each thing in them would annihilate,
 Her pregnant will she ever would pursue,
 For she alone, most wond'rous to relate,
 Except high-reigning *God*, was uncontroul'd by fate.

XXIX.

· Oft to the heav'n of heav'ns she would ascend,
 And thro th' impenetrable blaze would try
 Boldly her peering vision to extend,
 And into the mysterious Godhead pry,
 Where far above the star-y-flaming sky,
 His seat is circled deep with glory bright,
 "In his trinal triplicity* on high,"
 But never could she pass that lustrous light,
 High-reigning *God* alone escap'd her thrillant sight.

* "Trinal triplicity" alludes to the three times three, i. e. nine, orders of Angels, which were supposed to stand before the throne of *God*, forever praising and magnifying him.

XXX.

Yet figh her fway that ſhe to earth could bring,
 From their eternal ſteds, *Angelic Quires*,
 Who round about her gently hovering,
 Tun'd at her will their golden-stringed lyres;
 Or maugre dernful *Pluto's* grifly fires,
 Would cleave the earth and rowſe to upper air
 The *Furies* with their whips of iron wires,
 And ſnakes loud hiſſing in their troubled hair,
 And *Hecate* at her call would her dread front uprear.

XXXI.

With them all illſ would riſe that ſhun the light,
 Stern-look'd *Revenge*, *Hate* by wild frenzy torn,
 And each abhorred child of ugly *Night*,
Luſt ever reſtleſs, *Jealouſy* o'erworn,
 Mean *Murder*, of each generous mind the ſcorn,
 And pining *Care*, which in her ſickly plume
 Inſhrouds while yet alive the wretch forlorn,
 And *Woe*, whoſe heart by inches does conſume,
 Hanging with face all pale o'er her dead lovers tomb.

XXXII.

And she would call th' unbodied *Ghosts* around
 With shrieking note utt'ring their dolorous wail,
 And *Witchcraft* mumbling forth her rites profound,
 Might make the stoutest living wight to quail,
 And conscious *Fear*, who secretly doth steal,
 Keeping close watch beside the murderer's bed,
 And when *Sleep* gins his tired lids to veil,
 And wrap the poppied purple o'er his head,
 Rings her alarum wild, and rends his soul with dread.

XXXIII.

Yet nothing was there fearful in her face,
 Or terrible to the beholders view,
 But in her was an amiable grace,
 A lovely, and a modest blushing hue,
 Which mingled with respect love's passion drew,
 And winning smiles her features freed from scorn,
 And ye might read her straying veins quite through
 Her alabaster skin, and so adorn,
 She looked like the eldest daughter of the *Morn*.

XXXIV. Now

XXXIV.

Now she the gentlest *Alma* first addrest:
 Welcome, fair virgin, to these blissful bowers,
 (Then tenderly did clasp her to her breast,
 And hail to thee, *Sir Knight*, can aught the pow'rs
 Who here inherit, aught the winged *Hours*,
 The *Graces*, and the *Virtues* thee to please?
 For thee to please, belov'd of heaven, no stow'rs
 They would refuse, *Apollo's* self would seize
 Th' occasion, and myself thy servant am always.

XXXV.

O passing fair, *Alma* to her replied;
 This gentle *Knight*, (the *Knight* full low did bend,)
 No Impe of *Riotise*, or boastful *Pride*,
 I to thy favour strenuously commend,
 My strong deliverer, and steadfast friend,
 O bear him to thy tow'r y-pight on high,
 Or with him through these dainty regions wend,
 That he the deist inhabitants may sp^z,
 And feed with wonderment his knowledge-searching eye.

XXXVI. She

XXXVI.

She answer'd not: but with most sweet aspect,
 Taking the Prince and Lady by the honde,
 Eitsoons she did them from the ground erect,
 And thro the air, swift as the Levin-Bronde,
 Or if than it can swifter thing be conn'd,
 Darted upright: ne did she stop, ne stay,
 Till on her lofty espial they did stonde,
 Whence they the girding heavens might survey,
 And earth, and ocean wide, which low unneath them lay.

XXXVII.

It was a noble work for to behold, }
 For neither was it built of stone ne lime,
 Ne was there ir'n, ne brass, ne lead, ne gold,
 Ne *Roman* cement, ne *Asphaltile* slime,
 To bind the parts, and knit withouten rime;
 But it was all one piece of lucent glasse,
 And edified by her in shortest time,
 Yet though both thin, and seeming frail it was,
 No work on earth could it in lastingness surpass.

XXXVIII. With

XXXVIII.

With rare imagin'd portraicts it was strow'd,
 Landscapes and histories by her design'd,
 For *what* she saw, when raunging far abroad
 She took her flight, and left thilke tow'r behind,
That, from the store-house of her heedful mind,
 She would display before a painter fair,
 Who every form with skilful hand defin'd,
 And fetisely bedight with colours rare,
Description was her name, a virgin debonair.

XXXIX.

Her pencil was most delicately fine,
 And light and strong the sketches which it drew,
 And beautifully did her colours shine,
 For the clouds chequer'd tints she in them threw,
 And the first drops of pearly morning dew;
Aurora's blush too when she first did wake,
 From *Venus'* smiles, from *Cynthia's* silver hue,
 From *Flora's* mantle, from the green-sea lake,
 And all Dame *Nature's* works she did her colours take.

XL.

A reverend *Eld* the palette there did hold,
 And every colour set in proper place,
 His pierſent eye his perfect ſenſes told,
 The wrinkles did become his auntient face,
 And eke his hoary beard hung down with grace ;
Judgement he hight: his precept ſhe obey'd,
 For he could teach her every ſtroke to trace ;
 Full many a time her youthful hand he ſtay'd,
 When wantonly, or when thro' careleſſneſs it ſtray'd,

XLI.

The *Briton Prince*, with curious regard,
 The labours of theſe buſied twain did ſee,
 Till *Fancy*, calling him away, debarr'd
 His eyne intent on that imagery:
 Forthwith to her his ſtep he haſted free:
 Tho he and *Alma* ſeated by her ſide
 On a high battlement's extremity,
 She wav'd her hand; then bid them throwen wide
 Their looks toward the right, and ſee the country's pride.

XLII. They

XLII.

They looked, and beheld a country rare;
 The laughing meadows were with flow'rs bespread,
 The rose their shining Queen, the lily fair,
 The cowslip drooping down his fainting head,
 The pink, and tulip gay embroidered,
 Daifies and violets, and all the crew,
 Which sweet impunging smells odorous bred,
 Or *Nature* with bright stains did imbrue,
 There 'sdaining touch of *Art* uncultivated grew.

XLIII.

And here and there did murm'ring rivers stray,
 Flowing entrail'd in meanders clear,
 Now all so smoothly making gentle way,
 With dimpling surface, that though placed near
 The swain their progress onward ne mought hear:
 Now broke by mossy stones, did hoarsely brawl,
 And prisoner took the willing thrall'd ear,
 Or bounding o'er a ragged rocky wall,
 From rift to rift in many a cascade did fall.

XLIV.

And up and down were many tufty groves
Lifting their heads in glory flourishing,
Around whose trunks the honeysuckle roves,
And scented jessamine is wandering,
And purple grapes hung thickly clustering,
And thousand thousand feather'd songsters lay
Concealed, and melodiously did sing,
While every bough and every treen spray,
Wav'd their consenting leaves, and gladlier seem'd to play.

XLV.

And on the flowery meads and plains they spy,
Fair flocks of sheep nibbling the tender green,
Or ruminating as adown they lye,
Or wanton sporting in the sunny sheen;
And where or rock or rising hill is seen,
The frisking goats their antick gambols made,
And jolly keepers, both did keep from teen,
Who in the open fun, or secret shade,
Tuning uneven pipes their amorous descants play'd.

XLVI. Soon

XLVI.

Soon did they see, where from a grove issued,
 The goat-foot *Pan* playing a merry fit;
 Pleasaunt it was, but rather rustic rude.
 Him follow'd dancing trimly to that dit,
 A croud of *Fawns* and *Satyrs*, who with flit
 And active *giambeaux* beat the hollow ground:
 While with them hand in hand their partners knit,
 The loofely-robed *Dryades* rebound,
 Their hair with oaken wreaths, and palm and ivy crown'd.

XLVII.

They pass'd on, and next, most pleasing fight,
 The *God of Love*, borne on a gentle lamb;
 Not he who armed dire by savage *Spite*,
 And taught those curf'd arts, which sure I am
 Have with disgraces shent his cruel *Dam*,
 And als himself; and crouds of wretches slain,
 With whose sad carcases the grave to cram,
 And crouds of wretches who alive remain,
 Have mur'd up with *Despair*, and ever-gnarring *Pain*.

XLVIII.

This *Winged Boy* a gentle mind did bear,
 As gentle as the beast which him up-bore,
 Ne could he see th' unhappy drop a tear,
 But it would make his breast with pity fore,
 And he himself would weep and grieve therefore.
 He was not blind ; and from his looks did fly
 The horrid face of *Lust*, emboss'd with gore,
 And groveling mean *Deceit*, and *Calumny*,
 And by his side did wonne the maid *Sincerity*.

XLIX.

Before her breast she bore a chrystal vase,
 In which her inmost thoughts were all pourtray'd,
 That ye each hidden sentiment mought trace ;
 With this she oft hath *Villainy* warray'd,
 And made him stooping hide his felon head ;
 Guarded with this she fears no secret harms,
 But walks secure as tho she were array'd
 In strong defence, by force of magick charms,
 Or girded firm with coat of mail and scaled arms.

L. On

L.

On t'other side, holding a rosy band,
 With which that lamb she guided in the way,
 Or when his rider list him still to stand,
 Did softly check his pace and mildly sway,
 Wended fair *Innocence* ; her to survey
 The angels would from heav'n on balmy wing
 Gliding, in mortal air their limbs embay :
 In t'other hand a serpent with fell sting
 She held, which lick'd her face, ne any scathe did bring.

LI.

The next a nymph her countenance display'd,
 Blithe was her look, unequal was her air,
 Her lineaments mought no one ever read,
 Ne yet the colour of her garb declare,
 Both of them every moment chaunging were :
 That fickle nymph, had *Novelty* to name,
 Of *Admiration* she the loved feare,
 Her frequent chaunge did his light heart inflame,
 And looking on her greedily he onward came.

LII. Behind

LII.

Behind them one twisting with all his might,
 A skein of silk, which in his hand he bore,
 Yet tho he alway strained it full tight,
 No single thread would yield, or break therefore,
 A swain who *Friendship* hight in human lore.
 And by his side another goodly swain,
 Call'd *Sans-Self-love*, of mind most firm and sure ;
 For he, that other to secure from pain,
 Would naked rush on spears, or plunge into the main.

LIII.

And now advanc'd the wight whom first they met,
 And with her babe that spouse so fair to see,
 To him full firmly bound in wedlock's net,
 And eke that other pledge of mutual gree ;
 And close behind was virgin *Chastity*,
 Bearing in her cold hands a lump of snow,
 Which though the warm west winds around her flee,
 Received no impuritie or flaw,
 Ne ever lost its white, ne ever would it thaw.

LIV. Long

LIV.

Long time she had betrothed bin I ween,
 Unto a comely youth of mickle praise,
Fidelity, full steady was his mien,
 His eyes on her engrafted were always,
 Yet sich their look they ne mought her displease;
 This hand a golden sun-flower did sustain,
 Still turning to the sun her constant rays,
 That a cameleon in a diamond chain,
 Which him in's native hue for ever did restrain.

LV.

And many more whom time to tell would fail,
 The *Prince* and *Alma* from their airy height,
 Might see with thilke fame bevy fair to fail:
 There passed by the sister *Graces* bright,
 And *Liberty* unveil'd her peerless light,
Benevolence and *Gratitude* y-fere,
Beauty all over lovely to the sight,
 There heart-felt *Ease*, and *Leisure* ever dear,
 And happy *Indolence* and *Peace* brought up the rear.

LVI. Then

LVI.

Then *Fancy* wav'd her hand : but oh how strange
 What at that potent motion ensued !
 Alack a day, how sudden was the change !
 Black was the sky, the blust'ring wind blew rude ;
 Instead of company was solitude,
 Instead of gladsome fights a doleful glade,
 In which no chearful vision might intrude,
 For luckless *Plaint* as it befeemed made ;
 Ah woe is me, so soon all human glories fade !

LVII.

Forth came an hundred *Nymphs* with solemn tread,
 And flaming *tedes* in hand, and then a *Queen*,
 As feemed by the crown upon her head,
 Of beaten gold, and her right royal mien ;
 Her eyes with awful dignity gave sheen,
 Her crimson vestment flow'd in stately pride,
 Which likest *Scythian Tomyris* was seen,
 When stain'd with Persian blood she *Cyrus* eyed,
 Or bold *Bonduca* when in Roman slaughter died.

LVIII. Her

LVIII.

Her left hand held a bowl with poison fraught,
 Which working quick dispatch was sure to kill ;
 Her right, a dreadful dagger sharply wrought,
 Which to the wight who list his blood to spill,
 She gave, and bade him execute his will ;
 Or if the bowl he chose to end his days,
 She stoop'd it down, and told him drink his fill ;
 Impurpled buskins on her legs she wore,
 Which, with a golden clasp y-clasped were before.

LIX.

Behind her was a wretch with garments rent,
 Hollow his cheeks, and pale his dreary face;
 He mov'd as tho with weakness all forespent,
 Yet not uncomely was his weary pace,
 And his eyes gleamed with a languid grace;
Misfortune hight, him in a brazen chain
Adversity most cruelly did brace,
 And tho he seemed faint, and well nigh flain,
 She would him ever spare, but dragg'd him on amain.

LX.

And ever and anon, her arm on high
 She would uplift, which with an iron whip
 Adaw'd, and scowl on him with threat'ning eye ;
 And oftimes would his cloaths with fury strip,
 And to the bones the skin therewith would rip,
 That he poor man would miserably groan ;
 Yet not an evil word would he let slip :
 His virtue she not heeded, nor his moan ;
 Her heart hand long y-go transnewed bin to stone.

LXI.

Behind him came, with sweet aspect and bland,
 The fairest and the loveliest maid I ween,
 That ever yet on earthly mold did stand,
 Or ever was by mortal eyesight seen ;
 When as she view'd that miser's doleful teen,
 O God, how did she lift the heavy sigh !
 What would she give he mought relieved been !
 For him she could almost with pity die,
 So feeling was the soul of tender *Sympathy*.

LXII. Her

LXII.

Her beauty shew'd more lovely for the tears
 Which all besprinkled had her face most meek,
 As for that wight beset with cruel fears.
 In vain they ren down o'er her heav'nly cheek :
 And blushing *Pudency* sat mantling there,
 Darting her beams the pearled moisture through,
 So seemingly enshrin'd, as does appear
 Through a thin cloud *Aurora* to the view,
 Or a sweet rosy bud thro the clear ambient dew.

LXIII.

Two little *Cherubs* did afore her fly :
 One in his hand a golden censer bare,
 Which underneath her face he did apply,
 And therein latched every precious tear ;
 Which fill'd, he gave up to the other's care :
 Who to the throne of all o'er-swaying *Jove*,
 Plying his purple plumes, aloft did steer ;
 He thilke same offering receiv'd with love,
 And shook with gracious sign his nectar'd locks above.

LXIV.

Next came *Remorse*: his haggard eyes down bent,
 In ghastly silence glar'd upon the ground;
 But soon inflected, inwardly were sent,
 As if to perse into his breast profound:
 There, as tho tenting to the quick a wound,
 Would wring his hands in agony of pain,
 Or wildly tofs them in the air around;
 Ah! foredone wight, thou but turmoillst in vain!
 The fore full deep hath fret, and ever shall remain.

LXV.

Now *Indignation*, with his eyen on fire,
 Welding a glitterand faulchion o'er his head,
 His red cheeks blushing with becoming ire,
 His stern brow frowning with a comely dread,
 For, ay he was by *Reason* maistered;
 He with that faulchion fain would do to die
 A snaky monster, foul, ill-favoured,
Guilt, who distraught with fear away did fly,
 Nor tho at distaunce got, dar'd turn her craven eye.

LXVI. Next

LXVI.

Next *Horroure* : harrows in his hand he bore,
 With which he felly harrowed up the soul,
 And all her finer senses rent and tore,
 So that his ravin she might not controul,
 But he there reigned King and Kesar sole.
 And *Hopeless Love*, a shaft quite thro her heart
 Had pass'd, the wound she wrapped in her stole,
 Still struggling to conceal her deadly smart,
 And like a stricken deer pined away apart.

LXVII.

And many more attendant on that Queen,
 Their residence in thilke dark glade did keep :
 There wonn'd *Suspect*, her face all sickly green ;
Excess of Grief, from whom no tears could creep ;
Vengeance, who both his hands in blood did steep ;
Envy, to her own mind the kestrel slave ;
Dissemblance, who like crocodile could weep ;
Madness, as wild as the enchauffed wave ;
 And *Melancholy*, silent as the midnight grave.

LXVIII. There

LXVIII.

There too was *Brave Disdain of deed that's base* ;
 And there of tried spirit, *Conscious Pride* ;
 And *Emulation*, which no second place
 Would graunt ; and *Mercy*, to the gods allied ;
 And *Stoic Rigour*, which all vice defied ;
 And *Seemly Zeal*, by *True Religion* drest ;
 And *Wedded Love*, which death cannot divide ;
 And *Justice*, well-spring pure of public rest ;
 And *Filial Piety*, with Heav'n's first promise blest.

LXIX.

All that mought rowse the foul of man was there,
 All that to goodness mought his bosom sway,
 And rescue him from Vice's per'lous meir ;
 For *Virtue* marshall'd all in just array :
 That *Queen* herself does her behests obey ;
 To her from first her origin she owes,
 Ne without her could reign a single day ;
 By her she order from confusion draws,
 And all that diverse *Croud* acts as she gives them laws.

LXX. And

LXX.

And now at *Fancy's* bid, gan disappear
 The darksome dreriness which erst had blent
 The sun of heav'n, and hid his beamez clear ;
 And with it all that forseen *Many* went,
 While he his chearing rays more clear outsent.
 And now a public road before them lay,
 It seemed as there was some city near,
 For many a goodly troop pass'd by that way,
 Some rode, some laughing walk'd, some fung, and some
 did play.

LXXI.

Close by the road an *Archer* took his stand,
 His lowering brow announced vengeful ire,
 Two female forms were seen on either hand,
 Who him restrain'd within a certain gyre,
 With sober counsel smothering his fire,
Candour and *Truth*, but he was *Satire* hight ;
 They taught him against whom he war should fire ;
 And when they pointed out the destin'd wight,
 He drew his bow, and him imperst with arrow bright.

LXXII. Those

LXXII.

Those whom he so amerc'd with rigorous wound,
 By an old beldam had been bred a pest,
 Y-cleped *Vice*, some in disguises found,
 Others more openly that road t' infest,
 And unsuspecting passengers molest:
 But now did halt with limping pace along,
 While *Infamy* sat grinning on their crest,
 They joined not in daunce or jovial song,
 But shun'd, and hated, skulk'd at distaunce from the throng.

LXXIII.

Nathless when as his two companions cast
 Their eyne aside, he would, with motion fly,
 A shaft from forth his quiver snatch in haste,
 And with insatiable cruelty,
 At travellers of goodly grace let fly;
 Which rueful scathe when as the *Virgins* scann'd,
 To their assistance renning hastily,
 They pour'd in oil and balm with healing hand,
 But him with threats affray'd and bitter reprimand.

LXXIV. Onward

LXXIV.

Onward a little space there wonn'd a *Dame*,
 Behind a vizor she aguis'd her face,
 Socks on her feet she had as her became,
 And her loose garb fell down with easy grace.
 Always attending constant on her pace
 A felcouth hag, a flaming brond who bore,
 Her name was *Secret Knowledge of Disgrace*;
 A dwarf, hight *Ridicule*, was plac'd before,
 Who a large burnish'd mirrour stead of target wore.

LXXV.

Into thilke mirrour, led by *Vanity*
 And *Folly* vain, their semblaunces to view,
 Most of the silly croud who passed by,
 With idle mirth and wantonnefs nigh drew ;
 But so deformed did they therein shew,
 They nould confes themselves to be the same,
 Until that *Hag* sprong from her hidden mew,
 Who dasht into their cheeks her brond of flame,
 And they retreated thence all covered with shame.

LXXVI.

But, oh ! what tongue what language may suffice,
 With ample spirit fitly to exprefs
 The scenes, that Potent Queen now bid arife !
 My fimple numbers cannot aptly drefs
 In meet array, ne yet their glory guefs,
 When fhe the Briton Prince, and eke his guide,
 With liberal kindnefs bounteoufly to blefs,
 Unfolded to their fight (ne yet envied)
 The regions where the lofty *Epic* doth refide.

LXXVII.

As though by pow'r paft human from his bed,
 In nightly fleep a wight fhould fnatched be,
 And crofs the founding feas be hurried,
 Then waking in the morn, with wonder fee
 Himfelf in an unknown and ftrange country,
 Afore, the *Amazons'* huge floud late-found,
 Beyond, an open realm, uprifing free,
 By the vaft towering *Cordilleras* bound,
 And on the other fide th' *Atlantic* wafte profound.

LXXVIII. So

LXXVIII.

So in amaze the Briton Prince was lost;
 For now down deep-sunk vallies rough and steep,
 Huge rapid streams rolling his vision cros'd;
 Now without meir an ocean wide and deep,
 On which the lingering winds did seem to sleep;
 But soon with angry mood a whirlwind blew,
 No longer mought it now its calmness keep,
 But all with foamy wrath enraged grew,
 And from the fould'ring clouds the levin gaunt out-flew.

LXXIX.

Now on the champion ground, he might behold
 Castles which seated were in pleasaunt site,
 And single *Knights* armed in glist'ring gold,
 With *Ladies* by their sides of beauty bright,
 To whom they told fair tales of love's delight;
 Or else for their protection combating,
 With monsters fell courageously did fight;
 Or in round lists each other conquering,
 'To them the trophies of their victory did bring.

LXXX.

Now heard he braying trumpets numberless,
 (The martial blast did his bold bosom thrill,)
 Eftsoons two large enraunged *armies* press
 The plain; they shout, they join, they fight, they kill,
 And the engorged earth with carnage fill;
 Tho saw he where the mountains rose on high,
 Striding from rock to rock, from hill to hill,
 A giant form, whose head arraught the sky,
 Emong the stars empight, his name *Sublimity*.

LXXXI.

These doen away, a cloud of blazing sheen,
 Floating upon a forked hill, appear'd,
 The brightness well nigh blent his feeble eyen,
 And from behind sich music was there heard,
 He thought himself to heaven's height uprear'd,
 And the great weight of pleasure scarce could bear;
 Ne wonder was't that he sich rapture shar'd,
 Whan *Jove* himself would often stoop his ear,
 From high *Olympus'* top, thilke harmony to hear.

LXXXII. Where

LXXXII.

Where the thin edges of that cloud did reach,
 He might as 'twere part of a temple see ;
 But though he strain'd his eyes to th' utmost stretch,
 They nould its shape distinguish perfectly ;
 Yet it most gorgeous seemed for to be.
 But thro the middle of that cloud so bright,
 From whence issued the dulcet melody,
 He could by no means cast at all his sight ;
 The oftener he look'd, the stronger blaz'd the light.

LXXXIII.

And now said she, O Prince, what to thy view
 I might disclose, thine eyes have briefly seen,
 So much was to thy fair conductress due :
 To perse that dazling cloud thou see'st I ween,
 Thou must all over have besprinkled been,
 When thou wert born with dews of *Castaly*,
 And thrice three times been dipp'd in *Hippocrene*,
 There on his throne *Apollo* now I see,
 And there the *Muses* sit each in their just degree.

LXXXIV. Yet

LXXXIV.

Yet even these thou shalt behold in time,
But first thou many hardy fights must wage,
And travel over many various clime,
And with thy country's deadly foes engage,
And curb the *Saxons* haught with strong menage.
Tho they themselves shall take thee by the hand,
And to that building with safe tutelage
Conducted, thou in *Glory's Fane* shalt stand,
And thy renowned name be read in every land.

LXXXV.

This saying, she a privy door unbarr'd,
Which led a winding passage to the ground;
For though to climb up to that tow'r was hard,
Down to descend was always easy found;
When they now touch'd the bottom of the mound,
Many great thanks gave *Alma* to that Dame,
And eke the *Prince*, with humblest most profound;
She upward shot like to an arrowy flame,
They back returned by the way in which they came.



G L O S S A R Y.

- | | |
|--|---------------------------------------|
| Amenaunce, <i>carriage, gesture</i> | Fetifely, <i>beautifully.</i> |
| Aguise, <i>cover.</i> | Fit, <i>tune.</i> |
| Als, <i>also.</i> | Feare, <i>wife.</i> |
| Adaw'd, <i>terrified.</i> | Fore-spent, <i>tired out.</i> |
| Amerc'd, <i>punished, fined.</i> | Fould'ring, <i>thundering.</i> |
| Affray'd, <i>kept in awe.</i> | Gree, <i>satisfaction.</i> |
| Bountihed, <i>bounteousnes.</i> | Gondelay, <i>a little bark.</i> |
| Bonnibels, <i>fair dames.</i> | Gossamer, <i>filaments like cob-</i> |
| Benempt, <i>called.</i> | Gyre, <i>circle.</i> [web.] |
| Braft, <i>burst.</i> | Grisly, <i>dreadful.</i> |
| Bellamour, <i>partner in affection</i> | Giambeaux, <i>legs.</i> |
| Bourn, <i>stream.</i> | Gnarring, <i>snarling.</i> |
| Blent, <i>blended, mingled.</i> | Guerdon, <i>reward.</i> |
| Bevy, <i>company.</i> | Imps, <i>children or offspring.</i> |
| Craven, <i>coward.</i> | Joyant, <i>glad.</i> |
| Dan, <i>a term of honour.</i> | Immew'd, <i>inclosed.</i> |
| Demeanour, <i>behaviour.</i> | Impunging, <i>piercing.</i> |
| Dell, <i>vale.</i> | Keltrel, <i>base.</i> |
| Dit, <i>music.</i> | Leach, <i>physician.</i> |
| Depeinten, <i>pourtray'd.</i> | Louting, <i>bowing.</i> |
| Dernful, <i>gloomy.</i> | Levin, <i>lightning.</i> |
| Espial, <i>watch-tower.</i> | Levin brond, <i>thunderbolt.</i> |
| Embay, <i>bathe.</i> | Latched, <i>caught.</i> |
| Eftfoons, <i>immediately.</i> | Mought, <i>might.</i> |
| Enhaunce, <i>lift up.</i> | Miser, <i>an unhappy person.</i> |
| False faytor, <i>deceiver.</i> | Meir, <i>any thing that incloses.</i> |
| | Mew, |

Mew, <i>hiding place.</i>	Sell, <i>seat.</i>
Menage, <i>government.</i>	Selcouth, <i>uncommon, seldom known.</i>
Mell, <i>mingle.</i>	Thilke, <i>that.</i>
Nould, <i>would not.</i>	Tho, <i>then.</i>
Perdy, (<i>french Par Dieu</i>) <i>an old oath, or affirmation.</i>	Thews, <i>instructions.</i>
Purfle, <i>mantle.</i>	Teen, <i>affliction.</i>
Pudency, <i>modesty.</i>	Tedes, <i>torches,</i>
Stowers, <i>harms, troubles.</i>	Transmewed, <i>transformed.</i>
Surquedry, <i>pride.</i>	Thrillant, <i>strongly piercing.</i>
Sted, <i>mansion.</i>	Wonne, <i>dwell.</i>
Shent, <i>ill affected.</i>	Wends, <i>walks.</i>
Scath, <i>harm.</i>	Whilom, <i>formerly.</i>
Sheen, <i>shine.</i>	Warray'd, <i>attacked.</i>
Scowl, <i>frown.</i>	Yede y-fere, <i>go together.</i>
Stole, <i>mantle.</i>	Y-bord, <i>accest.</i>
Stire, <i>stir.</i>	Y-pight, <i>fixed.</i>
Site, <i>situation.</i>	Y-fere, <i>together.</i>

F I N I S.

